

10 SMASH FEATURES

SEPT. 3 • 1967

DAREDEVIL



"The Greatest Name in Comics"

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DAREDEVIL



The Greatest Name in Comics

PRESENTS

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ADVENTURE!

Pages 1-13

Slams his deadly locomotive into the strange "Case of The Hypnotic Butler" and rescues from certain death a breath-taking beauty. A spine-chilling mystery crowned with suspense.

NIGHTRO

Pages 14-18

When the awesome darkness of the dark found death without cure so true he plunged to the center of a Swedish insurance racket. The amazing story of "The Suicide Circle." One of the most hair-raising stories ever printed in a comic magazine.

STEEN

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The greatest number of all time rates its ugly head and casts a shadow of dark tragedy over the life of Harold Steen. Read how he turns his ill luck into a hammering against cruel odds and criminals.

CLAW

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The world's worst villain hatches a new diabolic scheme and brings into action the greatest battle of all time. Cunning strategy, breath-taking excitement, and sudden death. Don't miss this.

IRON

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PATRIOT

PATRIOTIC!

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I SAW THE CLAW BATTLE DAREDEVIL

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REAL AMERICAN No. 1

INDIANS!

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9 WHIRLWIND

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If you want real two-fisted action swing into this tale, the fight of the century between Whirlwind and "Gangster the Greengame" monster of the north. As Whirlwind blazes his way to the top of the fight game he meets the hatred of big time fight promoters. Why?

10 DASH DILLON

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Life at State University gets mighty exciting. Bucketeers wanted sure bets on the State football game. Dash Dillon reverses a bet which runs the gangsters out of town.

SEE INSIDE

BIG \$100.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

No other magazine has all these features. DAREDEVIL gives you high adventure, breath-taking thrills, hair-raising exploits found in no other magazine.

EDITORS

Charles Biro

Bob Wood

DAREDEVIL

The Greatest Name in Comics

THE CASE OF THE KILLER
WHO HATED
DEATH!!

BY
BIRO

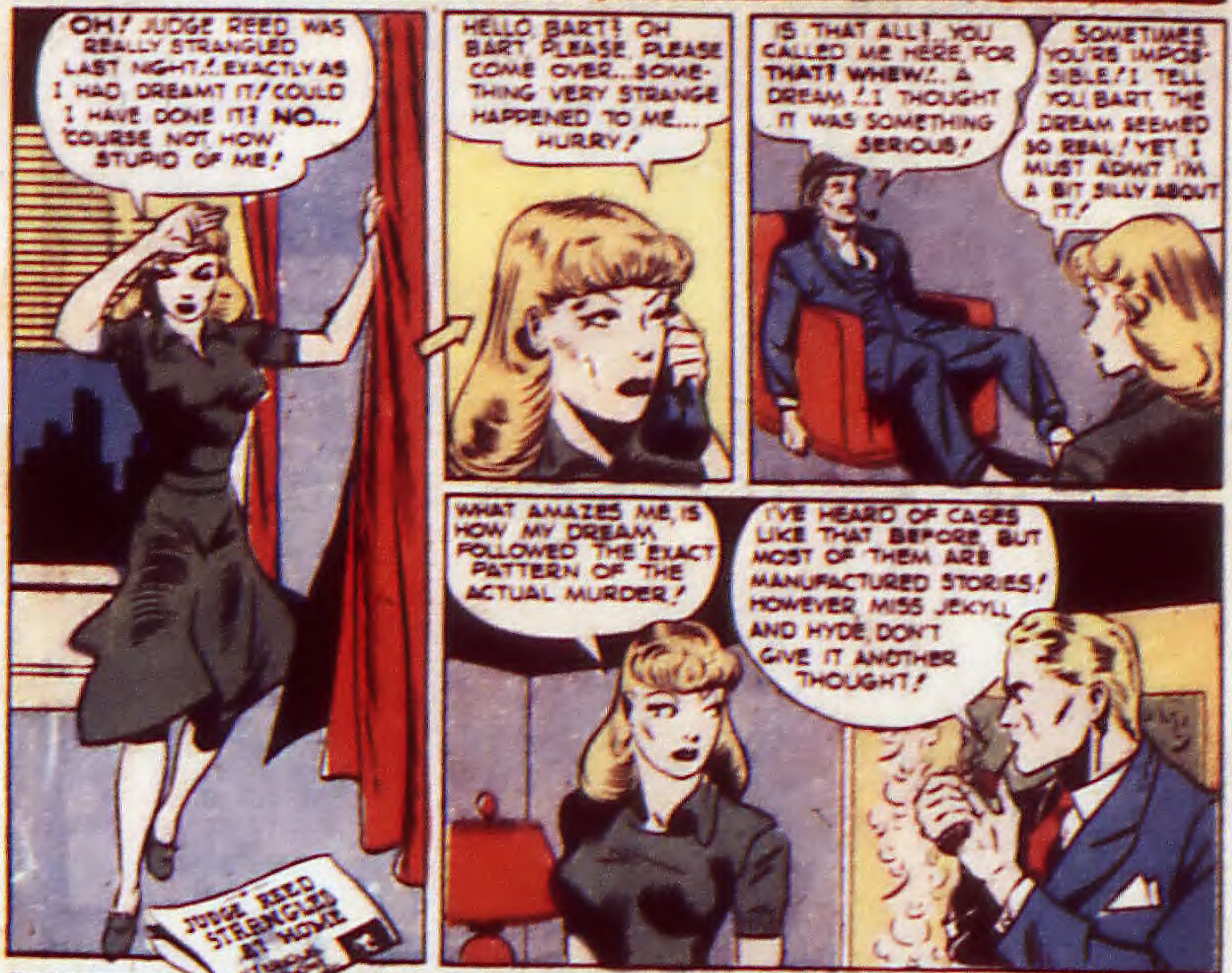


STRANGE AND WEIRD TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF THE HUMAN MIND, AND ITS MANY MYSTERIES—TALES OF HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES THAT REALLY BECAME FACTS, OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE TWO SIDES LIKE DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, WHO BY DAY WERE PEACEFUL MEN, BUT AT SUNSET THEY BECAME VICIOUS MONSTEROUS KILLERS! BUT NONE CAN RIVAL THE WILD FANTASY THAT WILL UNFOLD WITHIN THESE PAGES!... SO DIM THE LIGHTS AND LOCK YOUR DOORS WELL FOR THIS MONSTER MIGHT STRIKE AT EVEN **YOU!**

TONIA, COME IN! RATHER LATE FOR A SOCIAL CALL, SO I PRESUME ITS IMPORTANT!

TONIA! CUT IT OUT! H... UGH... GLUG... UL...







ONCE AGAIN TONIA SAUNDERS AWAKENS AFTER A TROUBLED SLEEP....





THAT CINCHES IT! HE WAS KILLED BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE! I AM A JEKYLL AND HYDE! I MUST CALL BART!



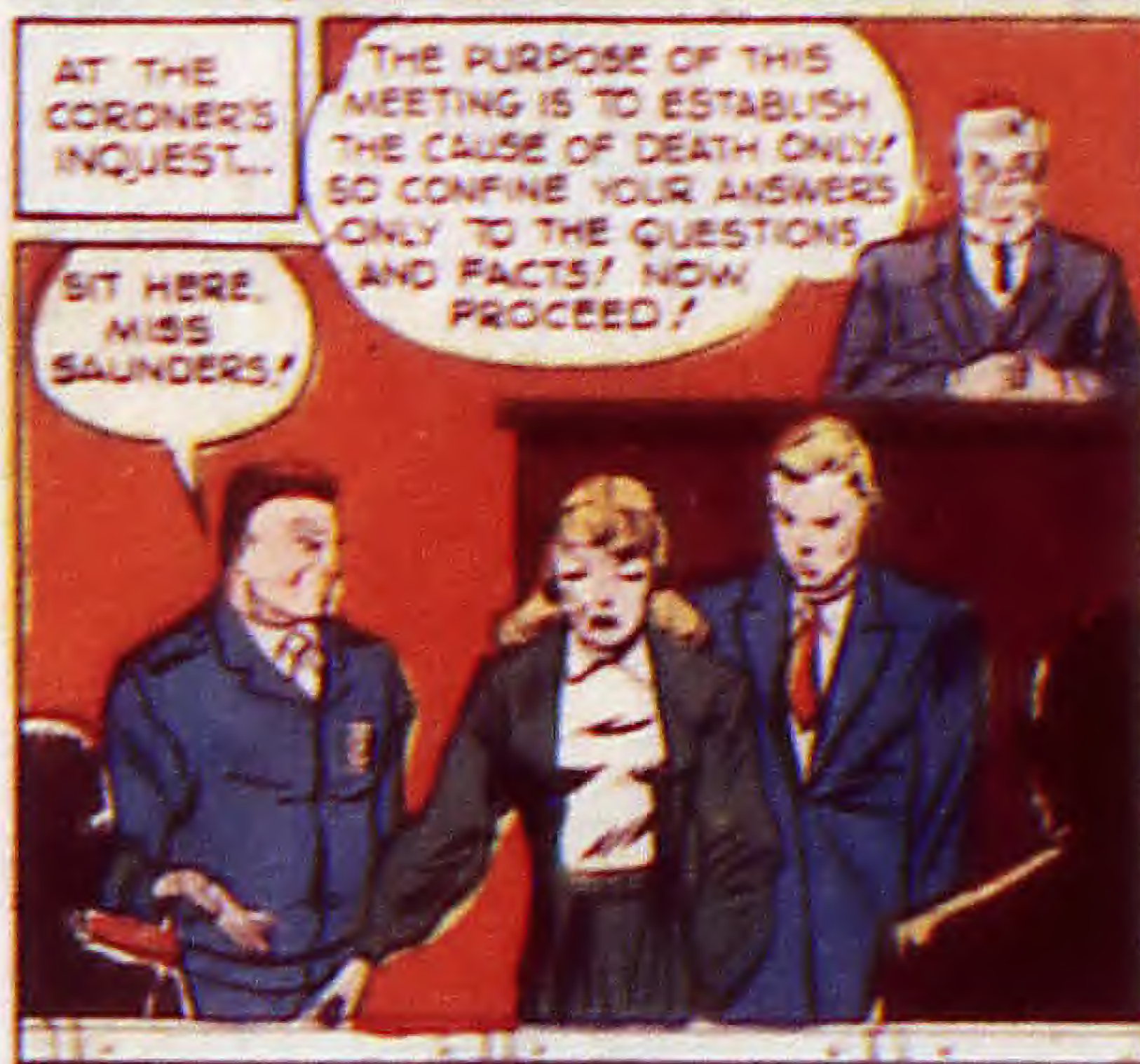
THANK HEAVEN I HAVEN'T DREAMT ABOUT YOU, BART! I'VE GOT TO GIVE MYSELF UP BEFORE I KILL ALL OF MY FRIENDS!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE DOING NO SUCH THING!



IT'S TOO CLEAR IN MY MIND TO BE A DREAM!

THERE'S THE CORONER'S INQUEST THIS NOON! LET'S HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS CASE!



AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST...

SIT HERE, MISS SAUNDERS!

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING IS TO ESTABLISH THE CAUSE OF DEATH ONLY! SO CONFINE YOUR ANSWERS ONLY TO THE QUESTIONS AND FACTS! NOW, PROCEED!



YOU WERE THE MAID AT THE HOME OF THE DECEASED! PLEASE TELL THE COURT EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!

OH, YEAH, SURE! SOME DAME CALLED ABOUT MIDNIGHT SAYING SHE'D BE COMIN' OVER! THE CHIEF LET HER IN BUT I GOT A SQUINT OF 'ER!



WILL YOU DESCRIBE HER THE BEST YOU CAN?

OH, YEAH, SURE! SHE WAS BLOND AND PRETTY... I'D SAY SHE LOOKED LIKE...

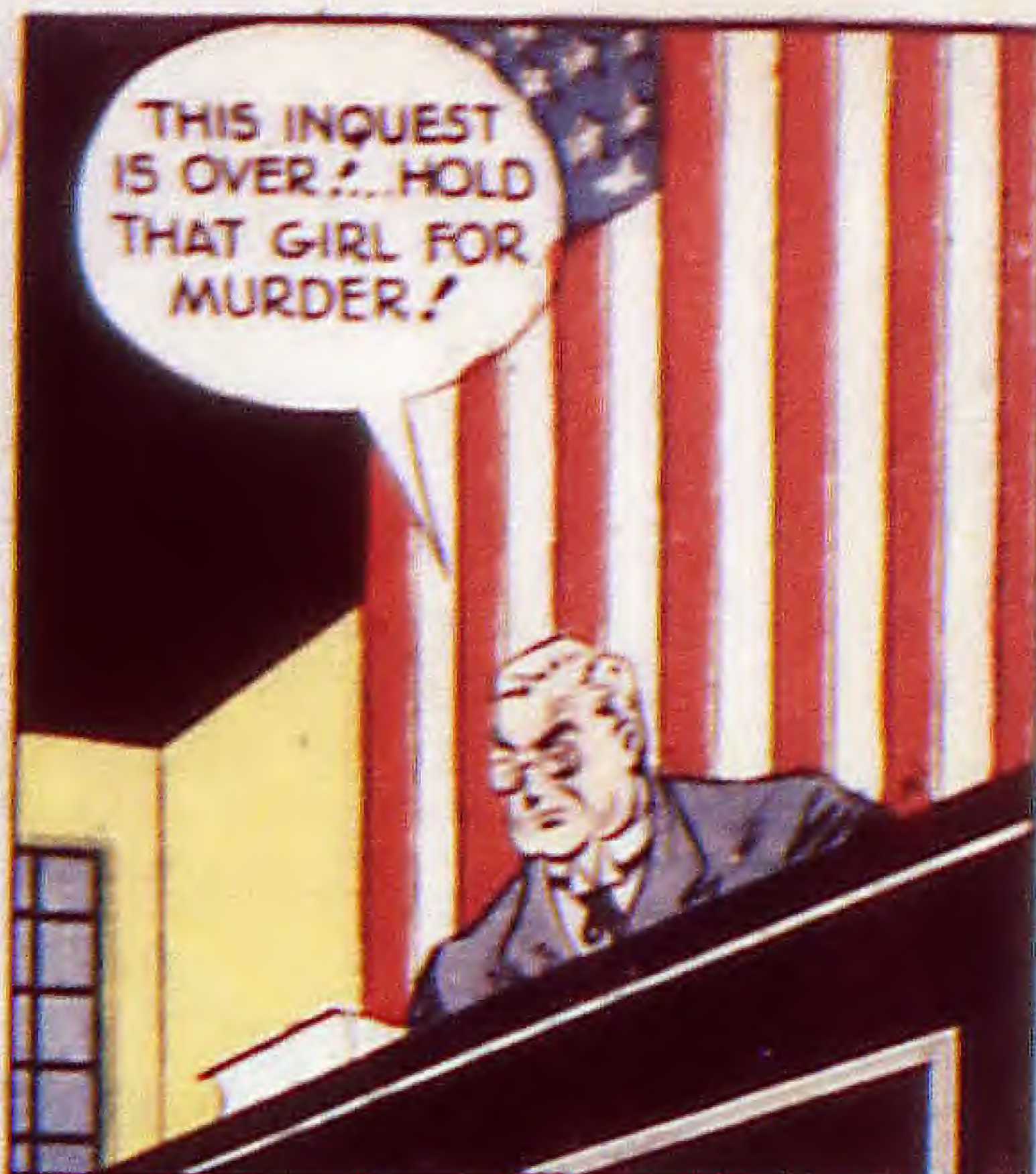


MISS SAUNDERS SITTING THERE, BUT THAT'S DUMB! SHE AND THE CHIEF WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS!

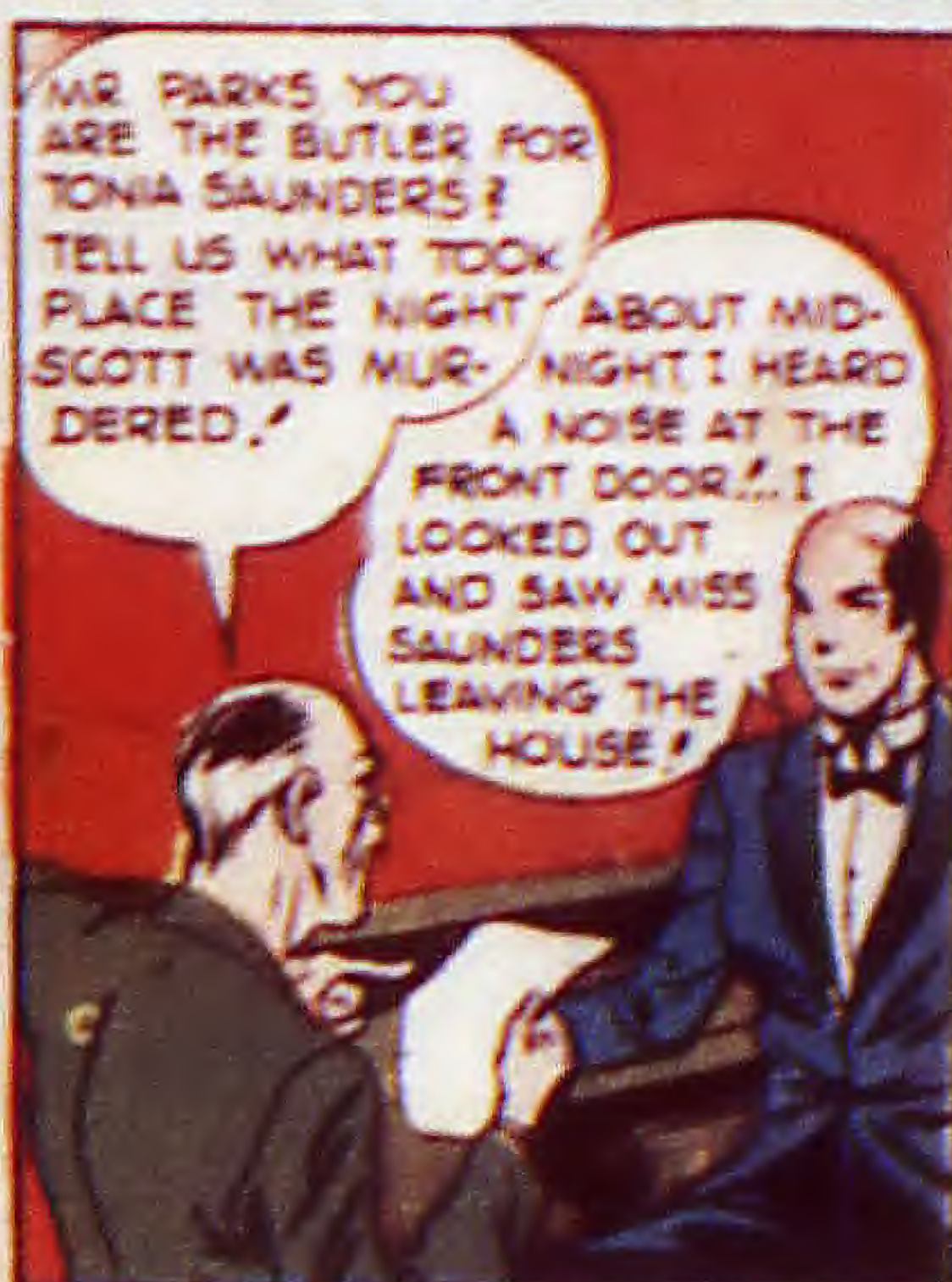


WHAT'S DUMB ABOUT IT? THAT WAS ME YOU SAW! IF THE COURT PLEASES, I CONFESS TO THE MURDERS!

TONIA, DON'T!

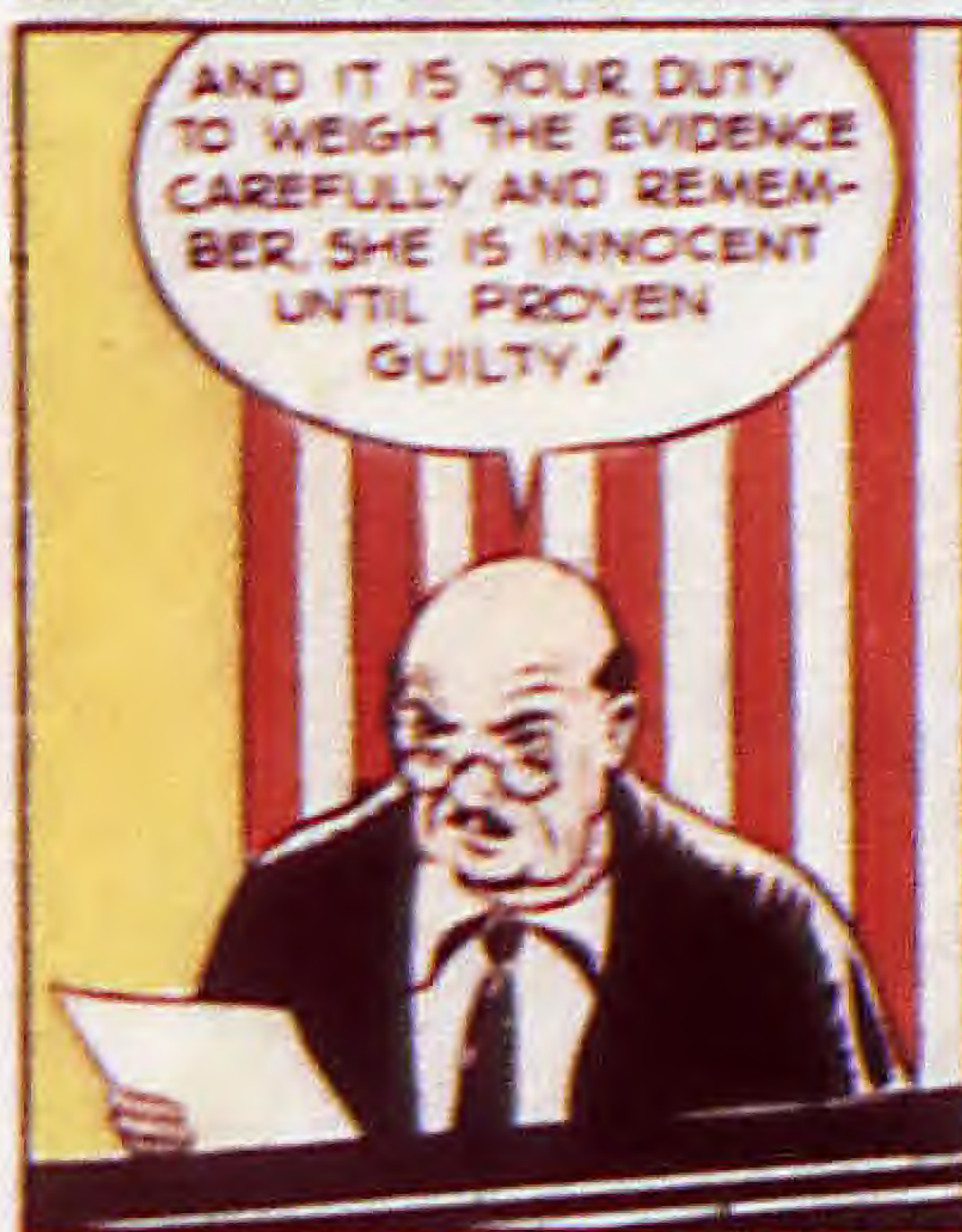


THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS TONIA SAUNDERS FOR THE MURDER OF POLICE CHIEF SCOTT....



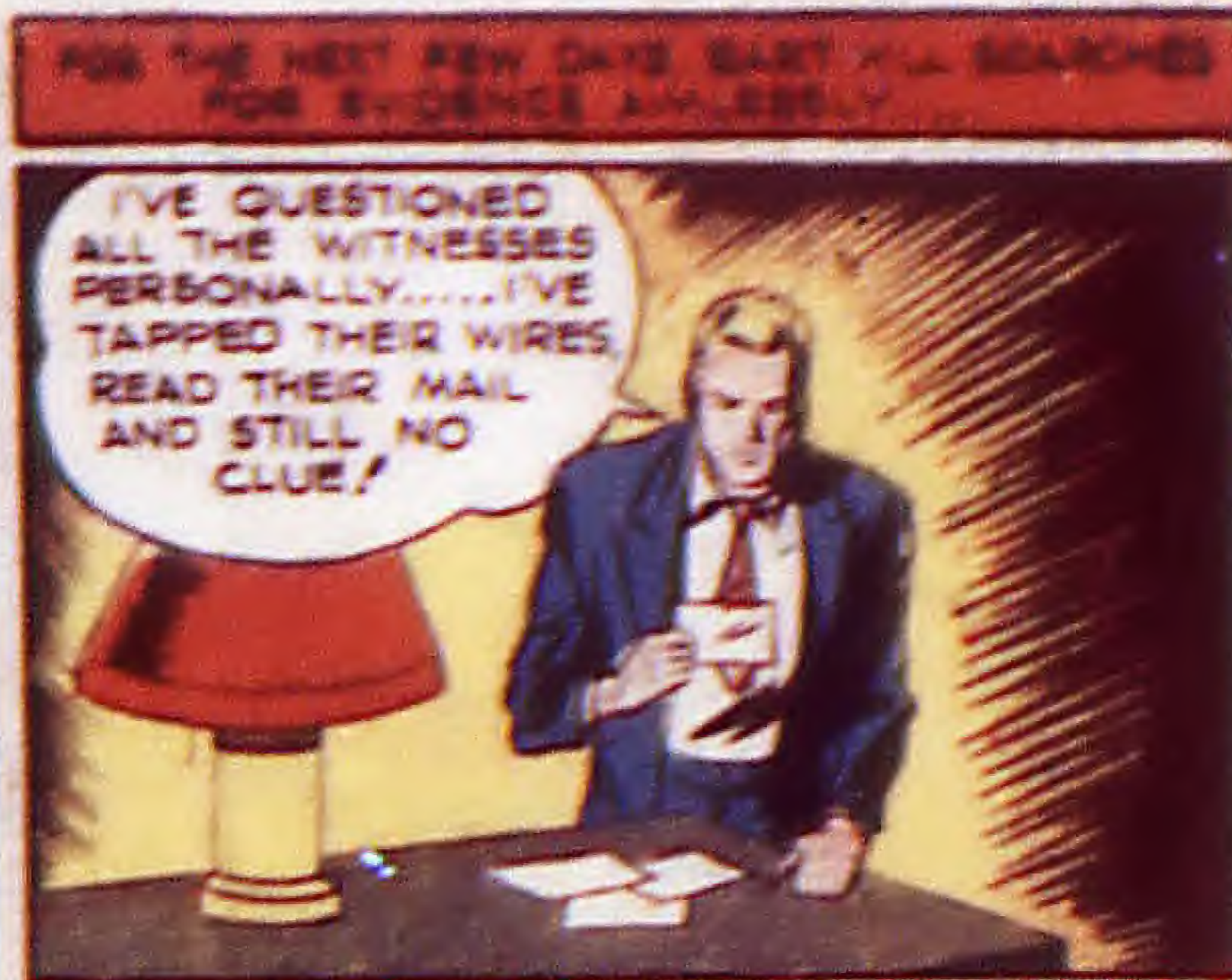


THE COURT IS ON EDGE AS THE JUDGE CHARGES THE JURY...



THE JURY IS OUT ONLY FIVE MINUTES.... THEN...







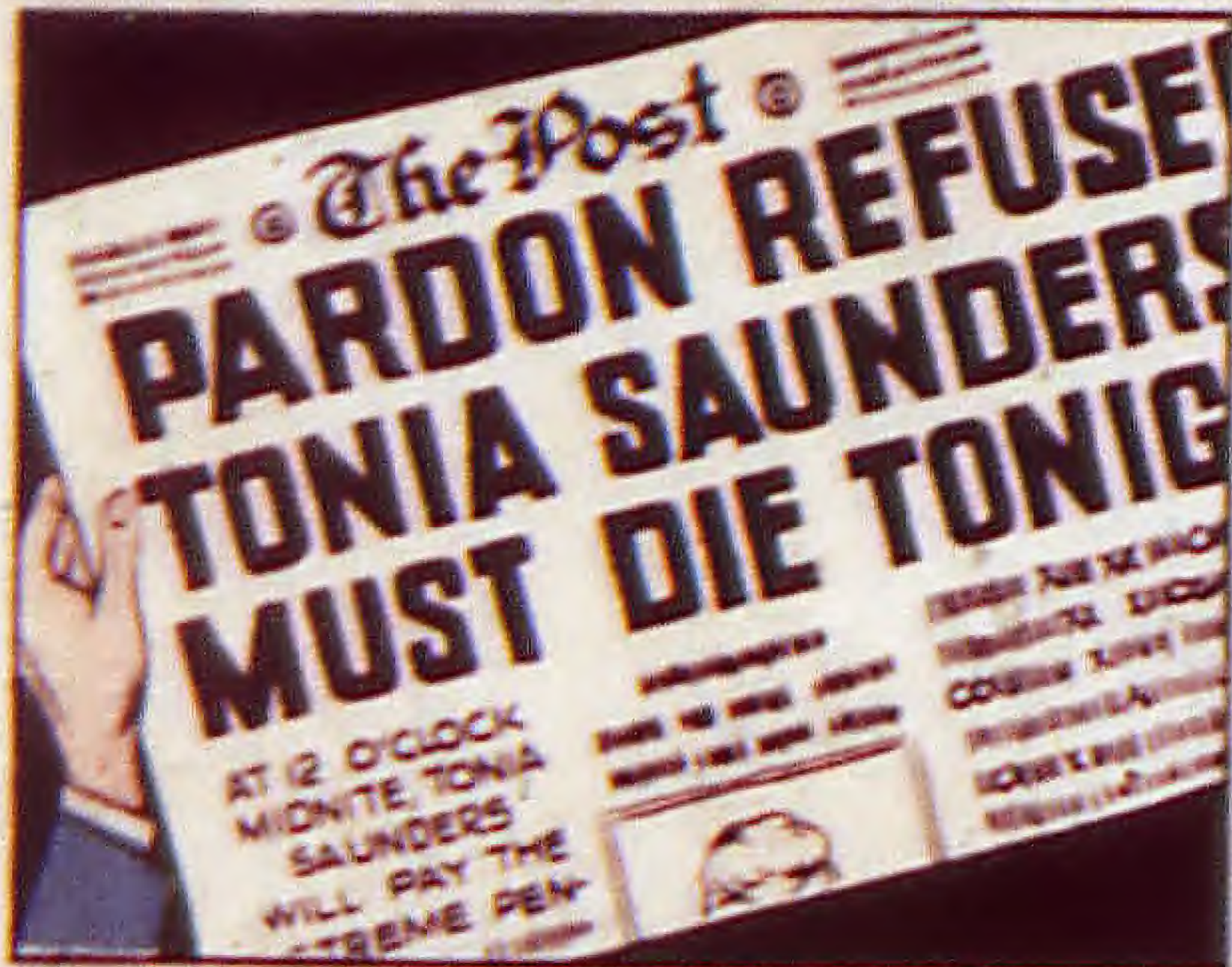
WE'LL GO ANYWHERE! ...SOUTH AMERICA, MAY BE! HURRY THOSE GUARDS MIGHT COME TO ANY SEC-OND! HURRY!

NO, DEAR! I'M NOT GOING WITH YOU! IF I DID I WOULD NEVER LIVE IN PEACE! IT WOULD MAKE YOU AN OUTLAW! I KNOW YOU'D RATHER DIE THAN BECOME A CRIMINAL!

I'VE BEEN HERE A MONTH...HAD NO DREAMS AND NO ONE IS DEAD SO YOU SEE, I'M A CONSTANT MENACE--CHAINED AT NIGHT, FEARED BY DAY! IT'S BEST FOR ALL OF US THIS WAY! HAVE MY BELONGINGS AUCTIONED OFF AND THE MONEY GIVEN TO BRITAIN'S DEFENSE!

A REVIVED GUARD SHRIEKS OUT AN ALARM...





THE ZERO HOUR AND BART HILL IS BY HIMSELF WITH GRIEF....

THE NEXT MORNING, WITH A HEAVY HEART BART CHECKS THE ESTATE....





YES, I HAVE A JOB WAITING THANKS! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME I MUST CATCH A TRAIN!

BY THE WAY HAVE YOU BEEN TO ANY MASQUERADE PARTIES LATELY?



NO? WHY? OH! THOSE SHOES THEY'RE MY SISTERS!

A CIRCUS GIANT EH? THESE ARE SIZE TENS AND THESE OTHER THINGS....



OKAY WISE GUY, YOU ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS! HERE IS MY ANSWER TO ALL OF 'EM!



GET MOVING DOWNSTAIRS! ONE PEEP 'AN YOU'RE A CLAY PIGEON!

JUDAS PRIEST! WHY DIDN'T I FIND THIS OUT YESTERDAY! SHE WOULD STILL BE ALIVE!



I'LL GET THIS APE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO! BUT AS "DAREDEVIL" HERE'S MY CHANCE!



SO LONG PARKS, I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW! BUT I'M SICING DAREDEVIL AFTER YOU!



GOT AWAY! THE CATS OUTTA THE BAG! NOW I'LL KILL ANYBODY THAT'S IN MY WAY! I'LL MAKE FOR THE CITY!



SECONDS LATER...

I HOPE YOU DON'T GIVE UP TOO EASILY! I'D TAKE KEEN JOY IN SLAPPING YOU TO H. AND BACK!

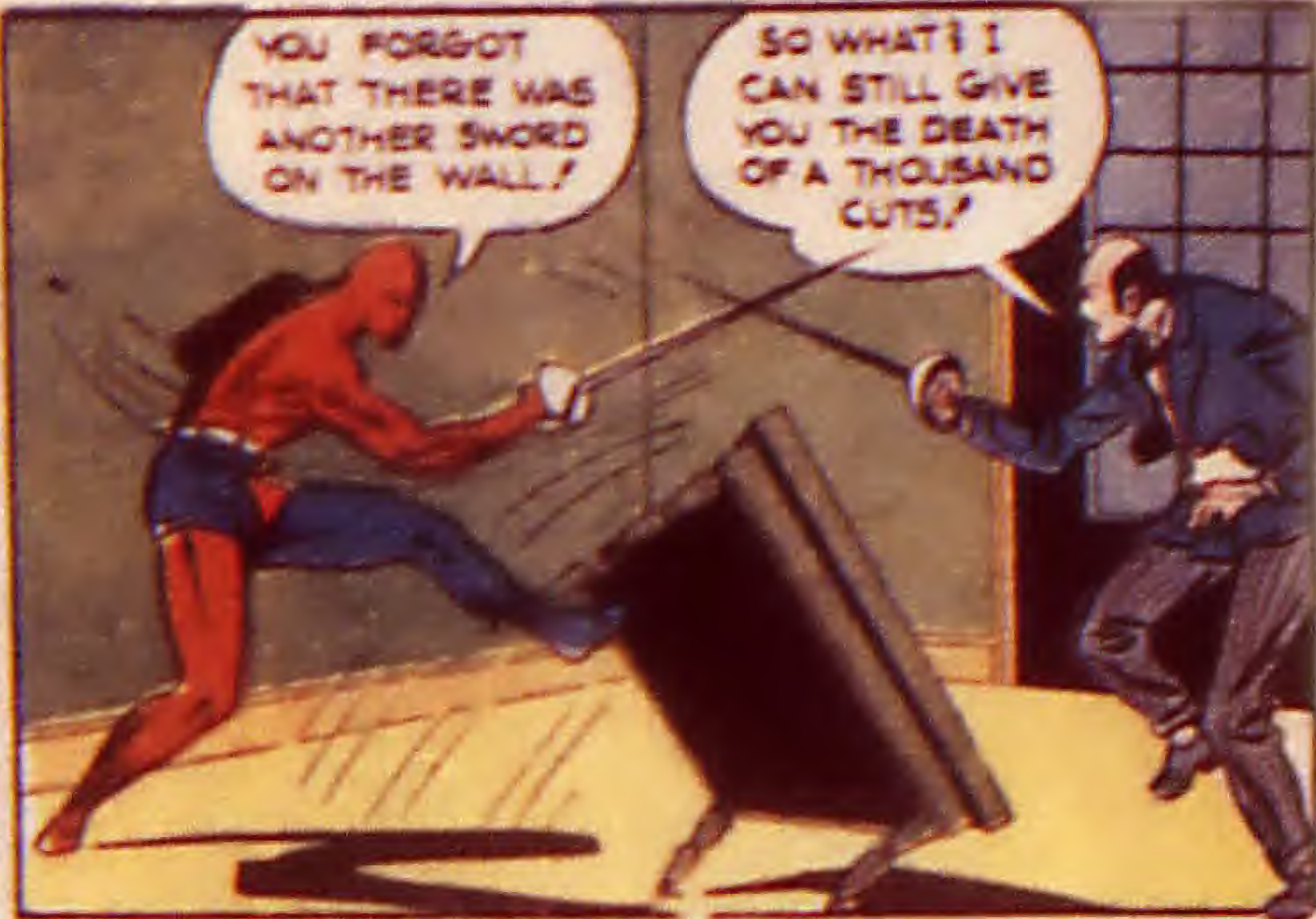
DAREDEVIL!





YOU OVER-LOOKED ONE THING!

I OVER-LOOKED NOTHING, EXCEPT RE-LOADING MY GUN!



YOU FORGOT THAT THERE WAS ANOTHER SWORD ON THE WALL!

SO WHAT? I CAN STILL GIVE YOU THE DEATH OF A THOUSAND CUTS!



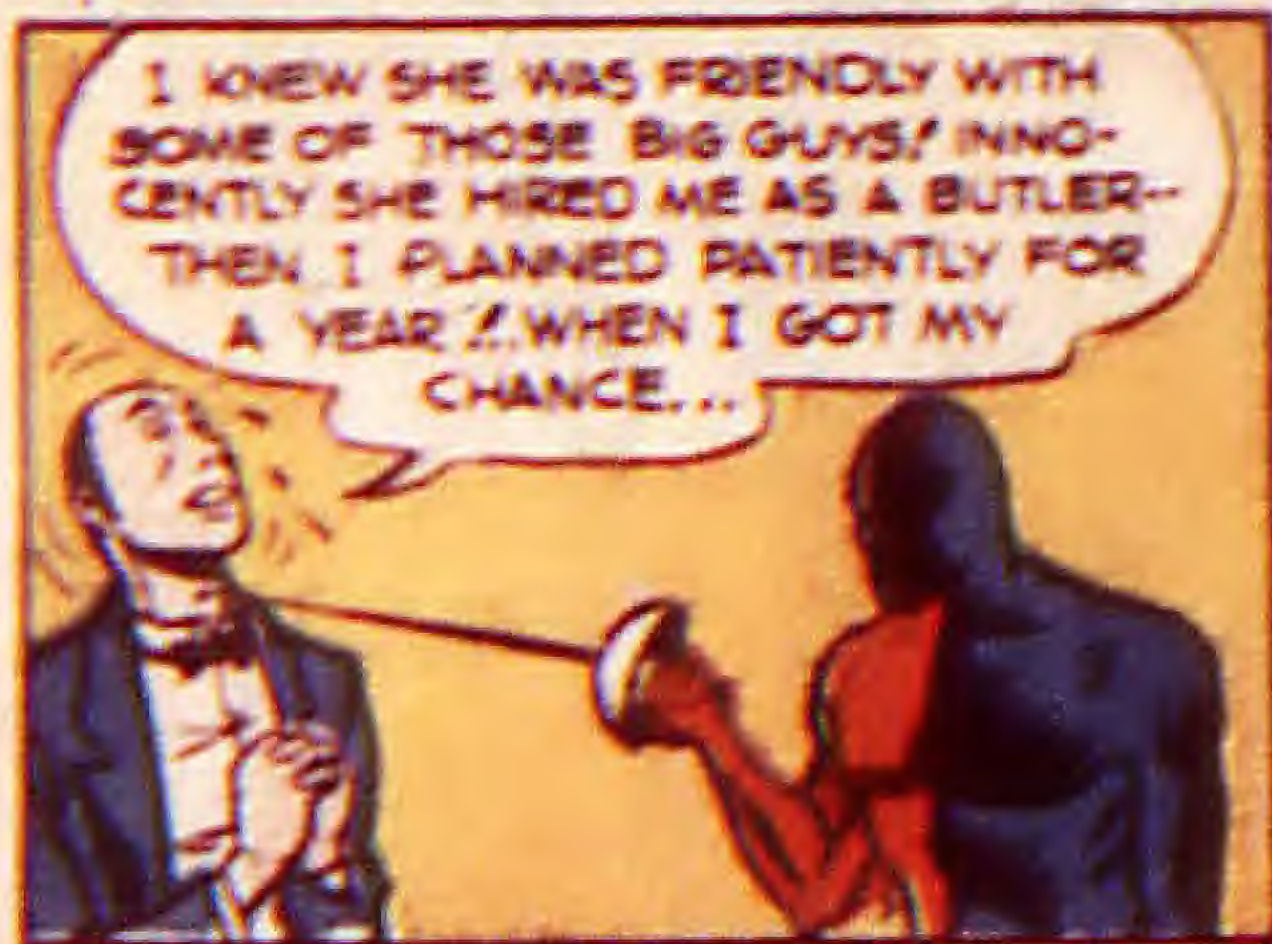
THERE'S JUST ONE THING, PARKS--SINCE YOU'RE SO SURE THAT I'M GOING TO DIE, IT WON'T HURT YOU TO TELL ME WHY YOU COMMITTED THOSE MURDERS!

SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, YES...I'LL TELL YOU! YOU SEE, I HAD A BROTHER ONCE, WHOM I LOVED VERY MUCH...HE WORKED FOR THE STATE...



...HE KNEW TOO MUCH AND A CERTAIN BIG SHOT HAD HIM FRAMED FOR MURDER! HE FIRED THE JUDGE AND JURY SO THAT MY BROTHER GOT THE CHAIR! THEN I SWORE REVENGE! ON EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH...OH, MY SWORD!

KEEP TALKING! HOW DID YOU MAKE TONIA DREAM AND BELIEVE THAT SHE STRANGLED THOSE GUYS?



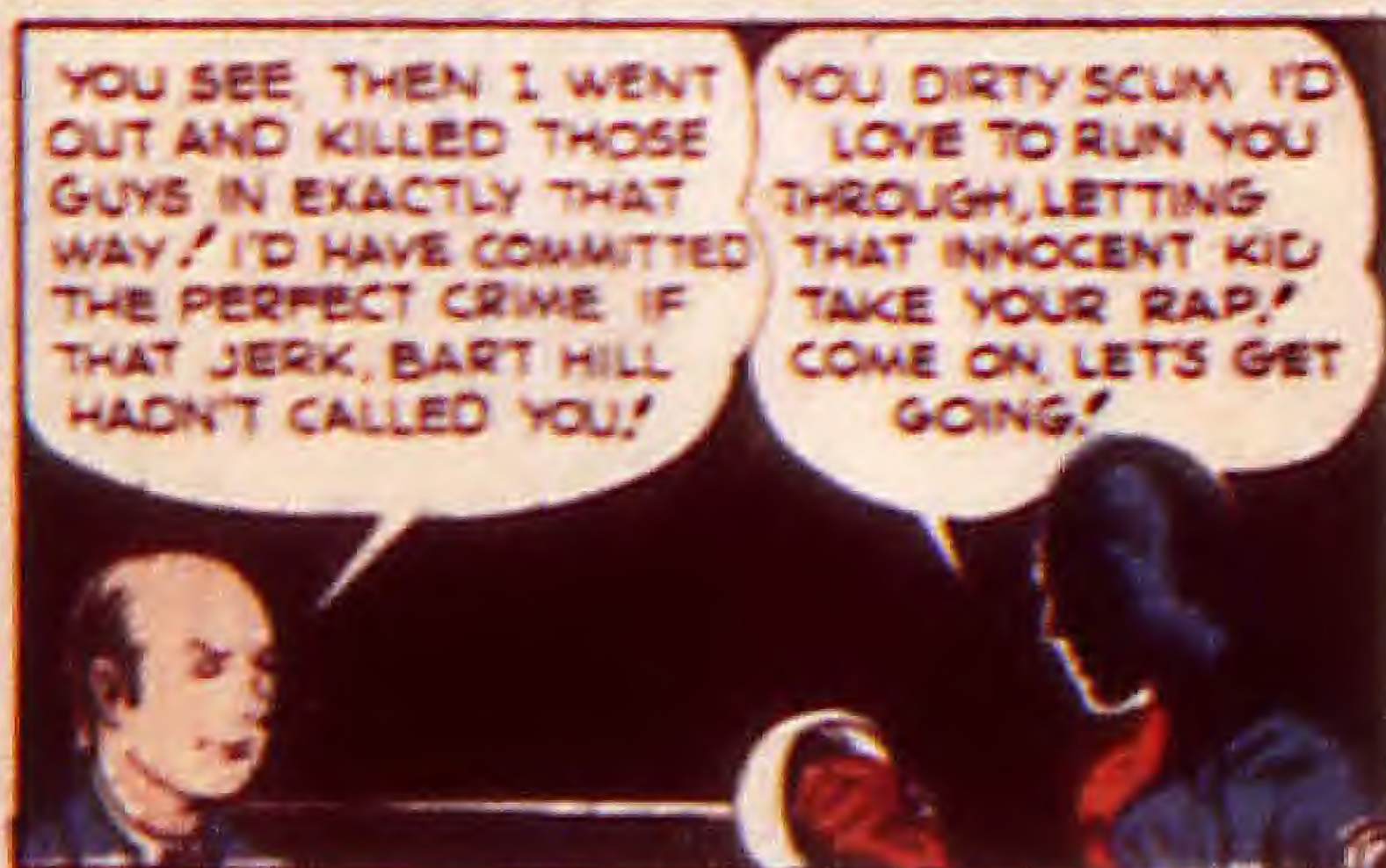
I KNEW SHE WAS FRIENDLY WITH SOME OF THOSE BIG GUYS! INNOCENTLY SHE HIRED ME AS A BUTLER--THEN I PLANNED PATIENTLY FOR A YEAR! WHEN I GOT MY CHANCE...



I GOT A CERTAIN DOPE FROM AN OLD MATE! IT WAS SUPPOSED TO PUT PEOPLE UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL! TONIA USED TO TAKE LEMON AND HOT WATER EVERY NIGHT, SO I SUPPED THIS STUFF IN IT AS THE MAID PASSED BY!



YOU RING THE BELL--HE LETS YOU IN--YOU REMARK ABOUT HIS TIE--YOU ADJUST IT--YOU PUT YOUR FINGERS AROUND HIS THROAT AND SQUEEZE!



YOU SEE, THEN I WENT OUT AND KILLED THOSE GUYS IN EXACTLY THAT WAY! I'D HAVE COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME IF THAT JERK, BART HILL HADN'T CALLED YOU!

YOU DIRTY SCUM I'D LOVE TO RUN YOU THROUGH, LETTING THAT INNOCENT KID TAKE YOUR RAP! COME ON, LET'S GET GOING!

GREYNDOR HAS A DISTINGUISHED, BUT A RAGING VISITOR IN GOVERNOR LARKIN...

I'M GOING TO GET A NEW WARDEN IN HERE--A GUY WHO KNOWS WHAT TIME IT IS!

WARDEN'S OFFICE

IF YOU WANT MY RESIGNATION, YOU CAN HAVE IT AS OF TODAY BUT I CAN'T BLAME THE EXECUTIONER, FOR I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME THING!

GET THIS, GOVERNOR, I'VE PULLED THE SWITCH ON A HUNDRED AN SIXTY ONE OF 'EM, BUT I'D BE FRIED MYSELF BEFORE I'D NOT SEAT TONIA SAUNDERS!

ANYONE WITH AN OUNCE OF RESPECT FOR THE LAW WOULD HAVE PULLED THAT SWITCH. YOU'RE NO EXECUTIONER...JUST A KILLER WHO HATES DEATH! WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION?

HEARD YOU WERE HERE, GOVERNOR? I CAME TO TRADE YOU A LIVE TONIA SAUNDERS FOR THE DEAD ONE!

DAREDEVIL! HE'S GOT HER!

IT'S A HE, A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR, BUT HERE'S HIS SIGNED CONFESSION!

GOVERNOR, YOU'VE KILLED AN INNOCENT GIRL! THIS LITTLE DOCUMENT FINISHES YOU IN POLITICS!

YOU'RE WRONG, MY MAN. THAT LITTLE DOCUMENT WILL GET ME ANOTHER TERM! BRING IN THE DEAD TONIA, BOYS!

TONIA! YOU'RE ALIVE!

DAREDEVIL!

I HAD A DREAM ABOUT YOU LAST NIGHT--BUT IT WAS VERY VERY SWEET, MR. DAREDEVIL!

YES SIR, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY AT THE CAPITOL, YOU'RE THE BEST WARDEN I HAVE IN THE STATE! HERE, HAVE A CIGAR!

THANKS! NOW, ABOUT THAT NEW JOB I WAS SPEAKING OF, GOVY!

BIRO

NEXT MONTH

DAREDEVIL IN THE SPORT OF DEATH!

NIGHTRO

The Streamlined Robinhood -

by Jimmy Reynolds



DEEP WITHIN THE SINISTER GLOOM OF GANGDOM TWO OVERLORDS OF CRIME SEE A NEW FIELD OPEN BEFORE THEM - A SCHEME WHICH CAN DO JUSTICE TO THEIR CRAFTY MINDS AND RUTHLESS SUPREMACY - AND SO BEGINS THE STRANGE TALE OF A GIGANTIC BUSINESS ENTERPRISE WHICH MIGHT WELL BE CALLED

The **SUICIDE CIRCLE** --



IN THEIR DOWN TOWN OFFICE, CHRISTY SILVERA AND PETE POULOS, TWO OF THE CITY'S CLEVEREST, SLICKEST AND MOST UNSCRUPULOUS RACKET MEN, TALK -

IT'S A NATURAL I TELL YOU - LOOK AT THE HAND? NOT A RIDGE ON IT? I COULDN'T LEAVE A FINGERPRINT IN CEMENT?

ALRIGHT? SO YOU BURN YOUR HAND - SO THE DOC GRAFTS SOME SKIN ON IT - SO YA HAVEN'T A FINGERPRINT - SO WHAT?



SO WHAT? DON'T YOU EVER READ THE PAPERS, DOPE-DOC DYKEMAN IS NO DUMB MEDICO - HE'S JUST INVENTED SOME NEW PROCESS FOR GRAFTING SKIN WHICH CAN BE SLAPPED ON THE FINGERS IN LESS THAN AN HOUR - WITH OUR NEW BUSINESS STARTING - JUST THINK WHAT THE BOYS COULD DO IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE FINGERPRINTS TO WORRY ABOUT?

SAY-Y?



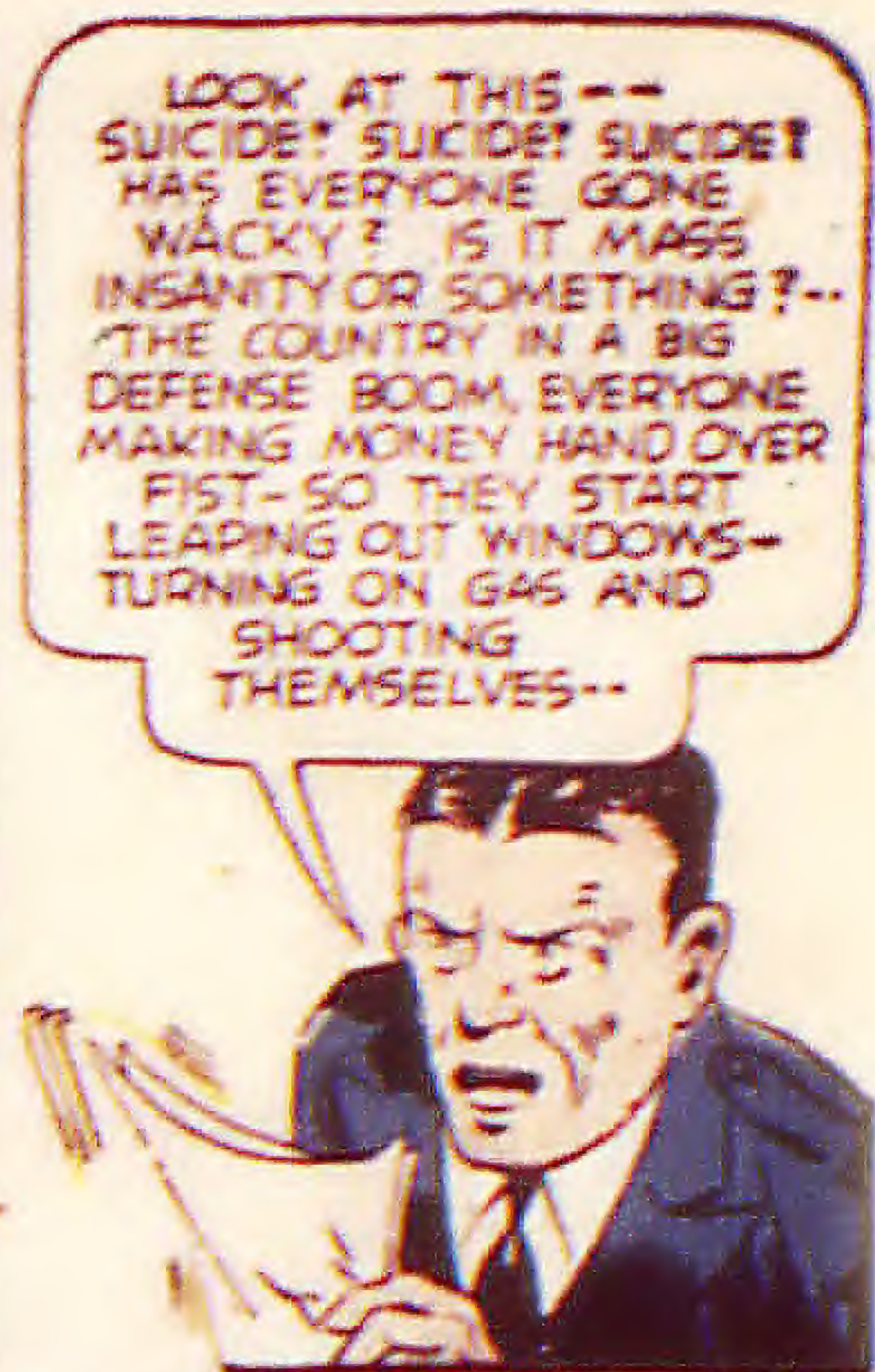
AND SO AN IDEA IS BORN - AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A PROCESSION OF TRAGEDY WHICH OPENS ITS BLAZING BEGINNING THE VERY NEXT DAY --



A
WEEK--
TWO
WEEKS
PASS--
STILL NO
WORD FROM
DR. DYKEMAN.
THEN
SUDDENLY
AUTHORITIES
FIND
THEMSELVES
FACING A
NEW AND
DANGEROUS
SITUATION--

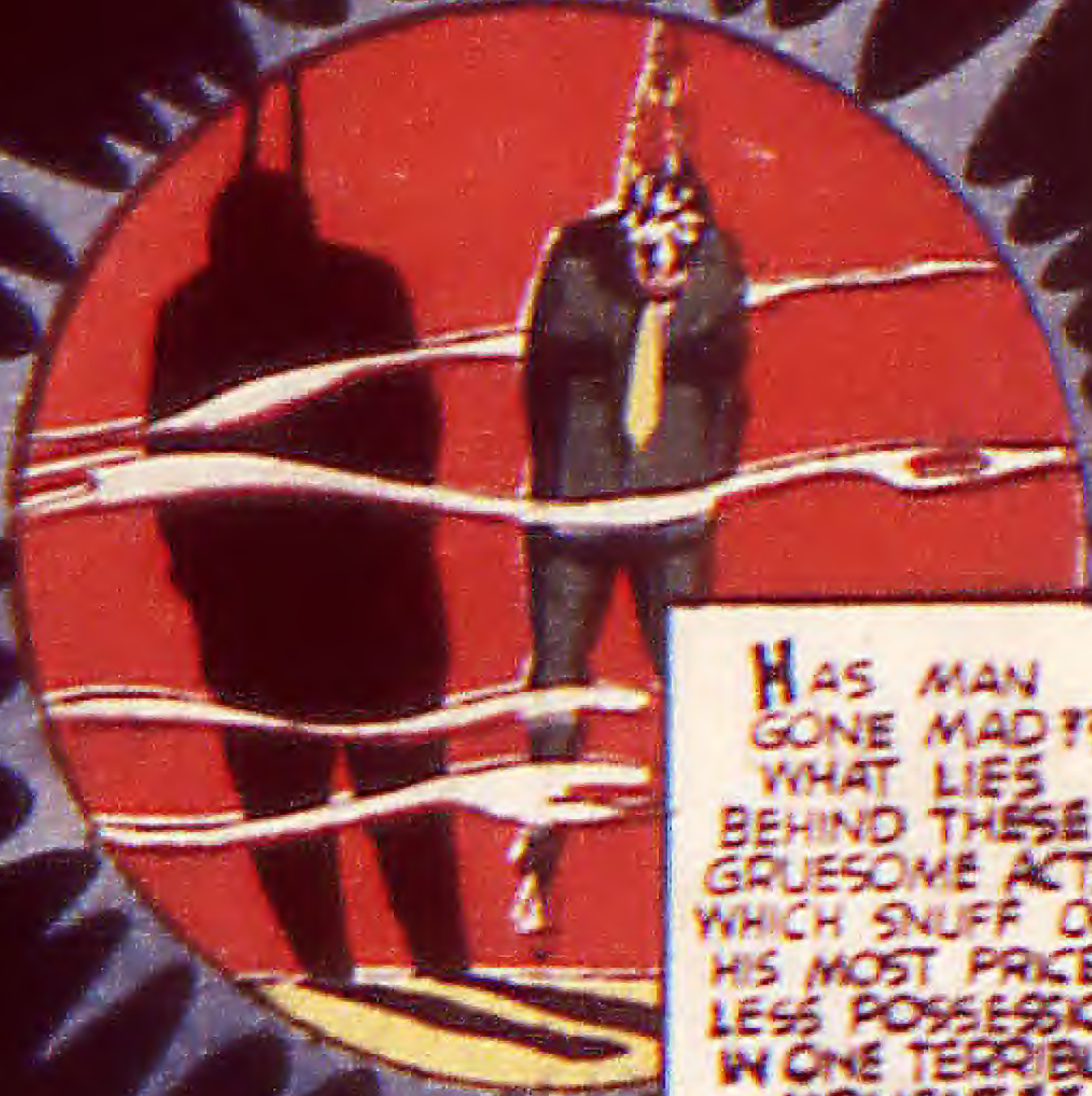
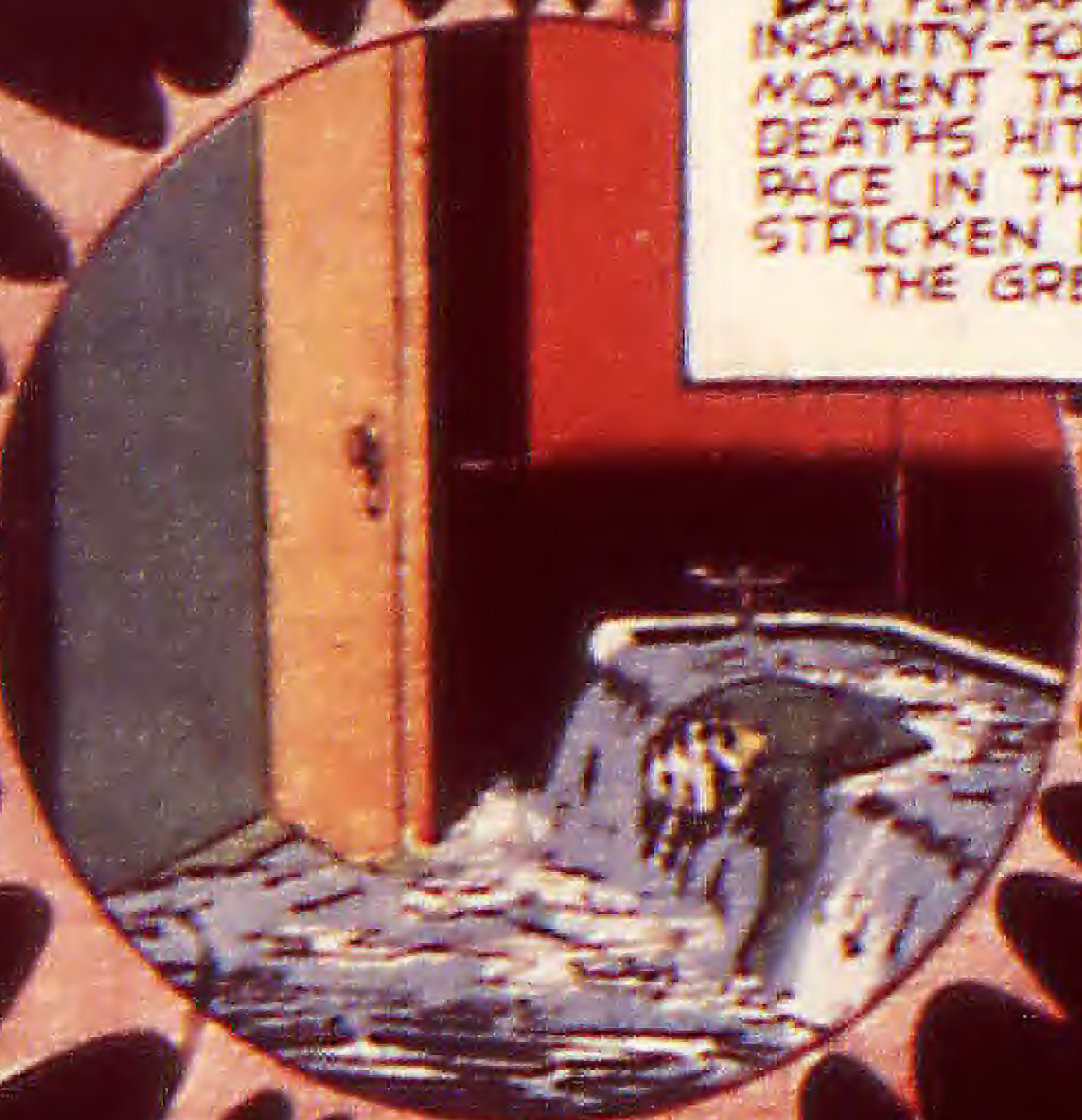


I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED TO DYKEMAN!
HE COMMITTED SUICIDE-- KILLED
HIMSELF! JUST LIKE ALL THE
OTHER NUTS HAVE BEEN DOING
LATELY-- THE ONLY DIFFERENCE
WITH HIM IS THAT HE WAS
SMART ENOUGH TO HIDE WHEN
HE DID IT AND SAVE THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT SO MUCH TROUBLE--



LOOK AT THIS --
SUICIDE? SUICIDE? SUICIDE?
HAS EVERYONE GONE
WACKY? IS IT MASS
INSANITY OR SOMETHING?--
THE COUNTRY IN A BIG
DEFENSE BOOM, EVERYONE
MAKING MONEY HAND OVER
FIST-- SO THEY START
LEAPING OUT WINDOWS--
TURNING ON GAS AND
SHOOTING
THEMSELVES--

BUT PERHAPS IT IS MASS
INSANITY-- FOR AT THIS VERY
MOMENT THE WAVE OF
DEATHS HITS A FASTER
PACE IN THE POVERTY
STRICKEN DISTRICTS OF
THE GREAT CITY--



HAS MAN
GONE MAD?
WHAT LIES
BEHIND THESE
GRUESOME ACTS
WHICH SNUFF OUT
HIS MOST PRICE-
LESS POSSESSION
IN ONE TERRIBLE
MOMENT??

MEANWHILE NIGHTRO LISTENS TO THE STARTLING REPORTS AT HIS HOME A HOME WHICH IS ALWAYS IN DARKNESS - FOR ANYONE AS IT MAY SOUND WITHOUT HIS SPECIAL GLASSES NIGHTRO CAN SEE ONLY IN THE NIGHT -

THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THE SUDDEN WAVE OF SUICIDES WHICH HAVE BEEN OCCURRING FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS -

HMM-PECULIAR- THIS RUN OF AMERICAN HARI KARI - AND THEY ALL SEEM TO CENTER AROUND THE TENEMENT DISTRICTS - THE PEOPLE THERE ARE THE LEAST LIKELY TO COMMIT SUICIDE - I THINK THIS SITUATION NEEDS LOOKING INTO!



WITH EYES PERCING THE DARKNESS, NIGHTRO TUNES IN HIS SPECIAL SHORT WAVE POLICE RADIO -

THERE HASN'T BEEN A SUICIDE FOR EIGHT HOURS - IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR ANOTHER ONE IF ---



-- CALLING CAR 23 -- GO TO 42ND STREET -- INVESTIGATE ANOTHER DEATH THERE --

THAT'S HITTING IT! COME ON, LET'S GO BLACKIE! IT'S ONLY FIVE BLOCKS AWAY!



THROUGH A SECRET EXIT IN HIS APARTMENT, THE RESPECT-ACLED NEMESIS OF CRIME LEAVES WITH HIS SEEING EYE DOG TO MATCH WITS AGAINST THIS STRANGE WAVE OF SELF-DESTRUCTION -



WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THE POLICE THERE!

AND MINUTES LATER, RUSH UP THE STAIRS AT 42ND STREET -



LOTS OF LIGHTS ON THE THIRD FLOOR MUST BE UP THERE!



W-WHAT D-DO YOU WANT?

UGH! GAS!

SORRY TO INTRUDE, FOLKS - BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THESE SUICIDES AND I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS - PERHAPS A FEW FINGERPRINTS WILL HELP ME!



WHAT ?? THERE'S NO PRINTS ON THESE JETS??



BUT AT THIS MOMENT THE FORCES OF THE LAW BURST INTO THE APARTMENT WITH CUSTOMERY ABRUPTNESS -



HEY!

WHAT?

GET HIM!

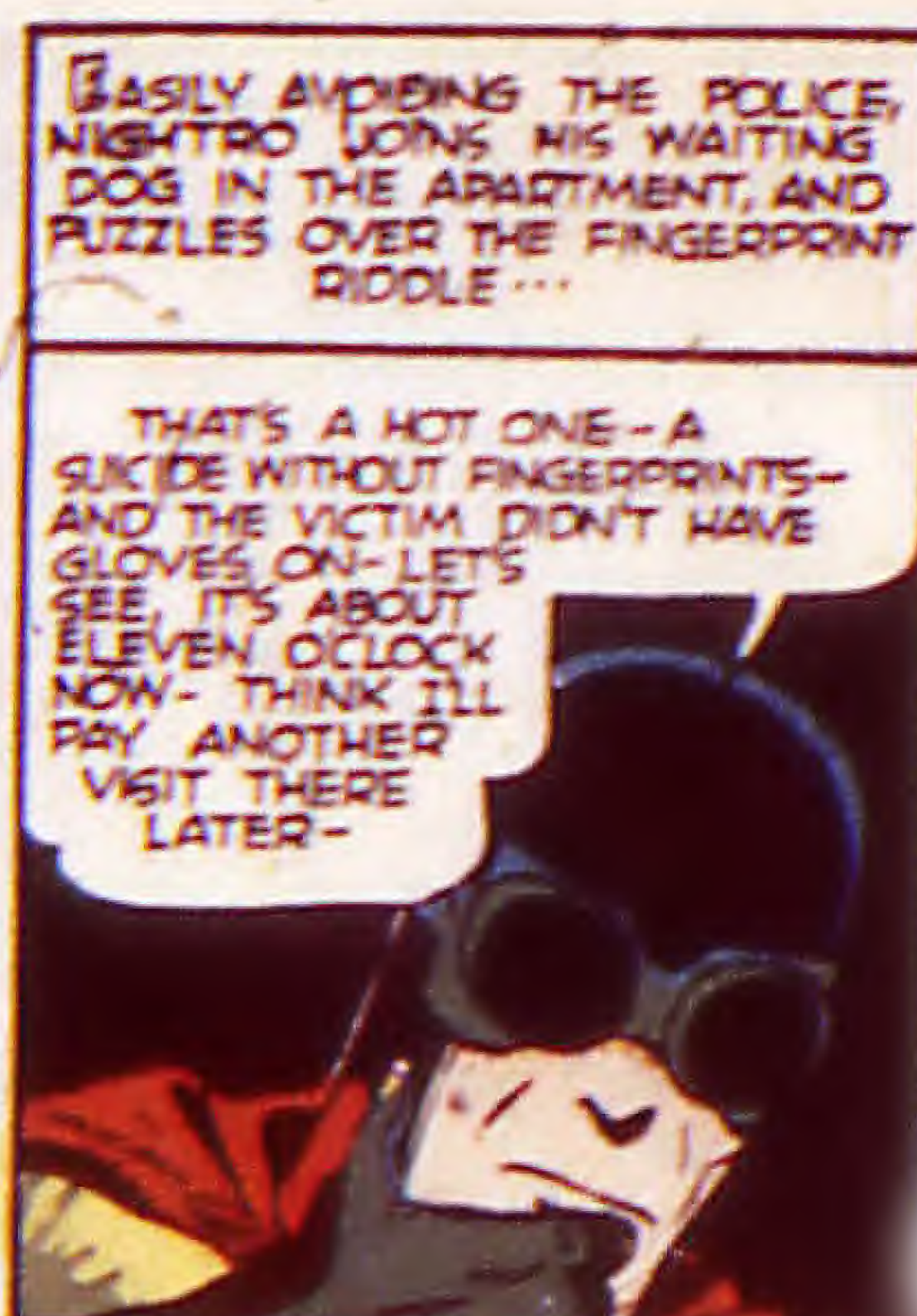


LET HIM
HAVE IT,
BOYS!



HOME
BLACKIE?
HOME?

HOLY
COW!
LOOK AT
THAT GUY
GO!



EASILY AVOIDING THE POLICE,
NIGHTRO JOINS HIS WAITING
DOG IN THE APARTMENT, AND
PUZZLES OVER THE FINGERPRINT
RIDDLE...

THAT'S A HOT ONE-- A
SUICIDE WITHOUT FINGERPRINTS--
AND THE VICTIM DIDN'T HAVE
GLOVES ON-- LET'S
SEE, IT'S ABOUT
ELEVEN OCLOCK
NOW-- THINK I'LL
PAY ANOTHER
VISIT THERE
LATER--



SEVERAL HOURS
LATER, AS
NIGHTRO APPROACHES
THE SUICIDE
ADDRESS--

HOLD IT!
THAT'S THE
FELLOW WHO
FOUND THE
SUICIDE--WONDER
WHAT HE'S DOING
OUT AT THIS
HOUR?



-- AND PEOPLE
IN THIS DISTRICT
DON'T GO
AROUND HAILING
TAXI CABS--



POULOS!
I GOTTA
SEE
YAT!

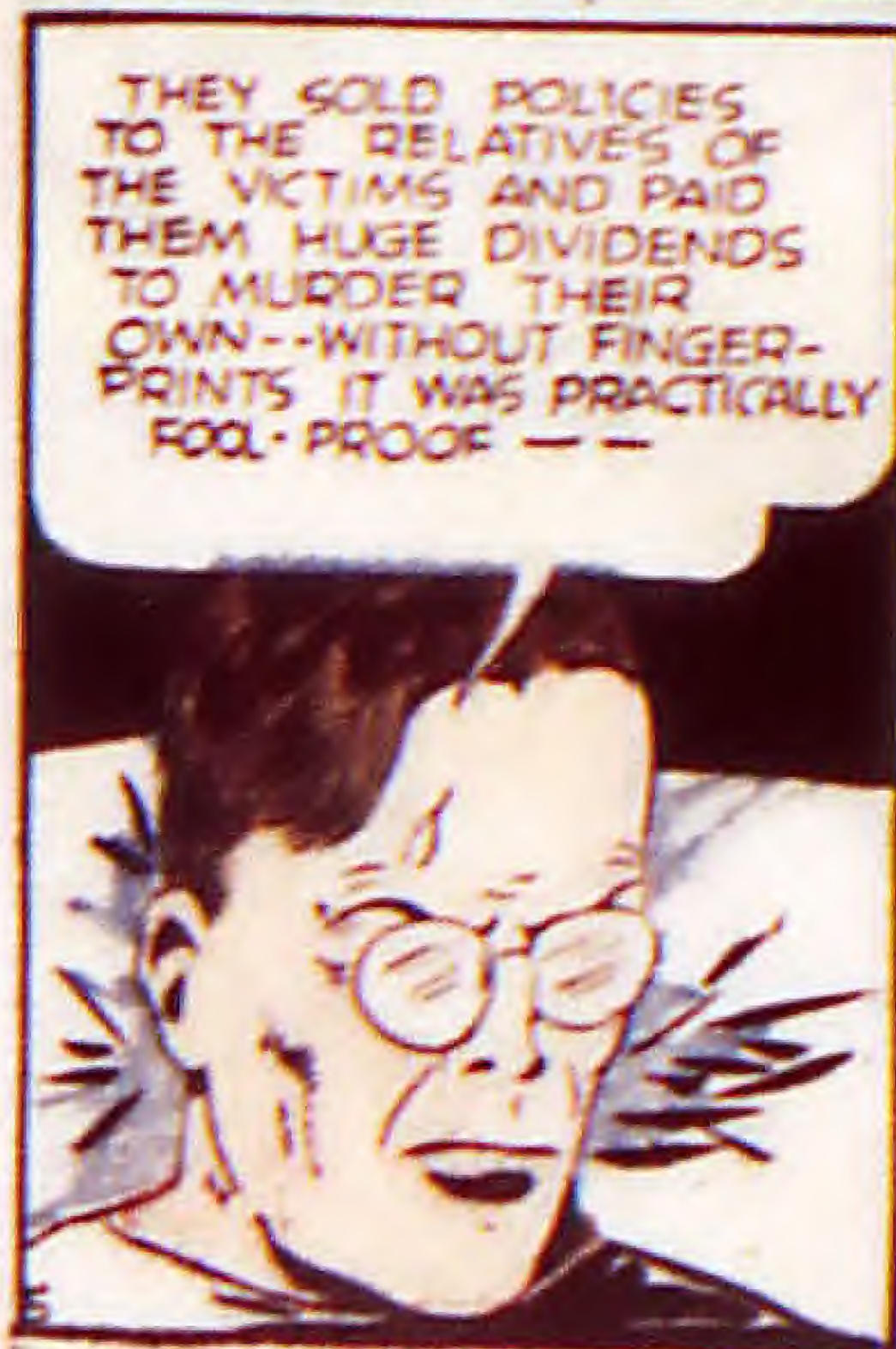


I HAD TO COME UP HERE! I JUST KILLED
MY OWN COUSIN-- I'M NERVOUS! I GOTTA GET
AWAY SOMEWHERE-- AND DON'T SAY THAT
DYKEMAN FIXED MY FINGERS AND
I HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT! CAUSE THERE'S SOME
GUY WITH GLASSES MIXED UP IN
THIS AND I
DON'T LIKE IT!

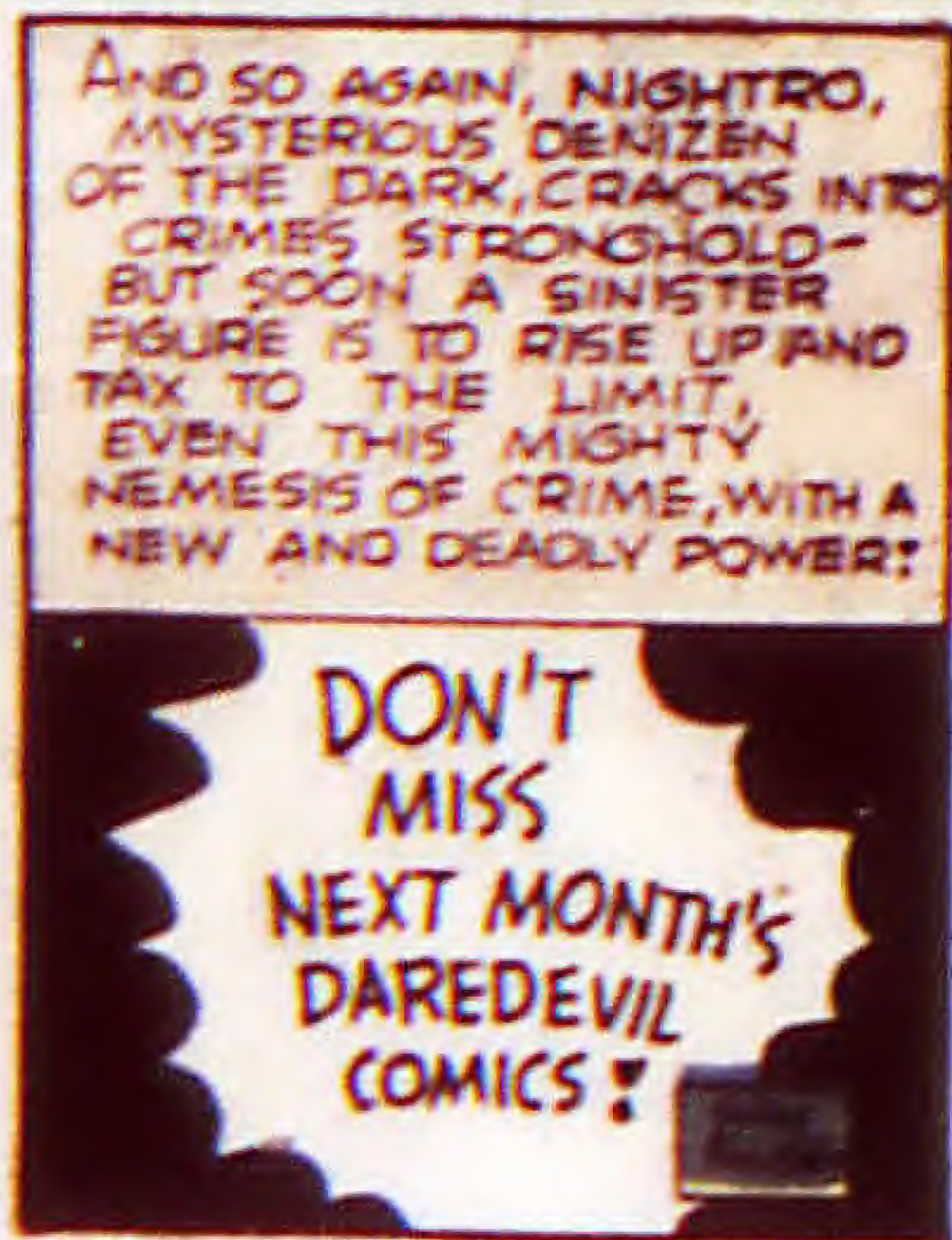
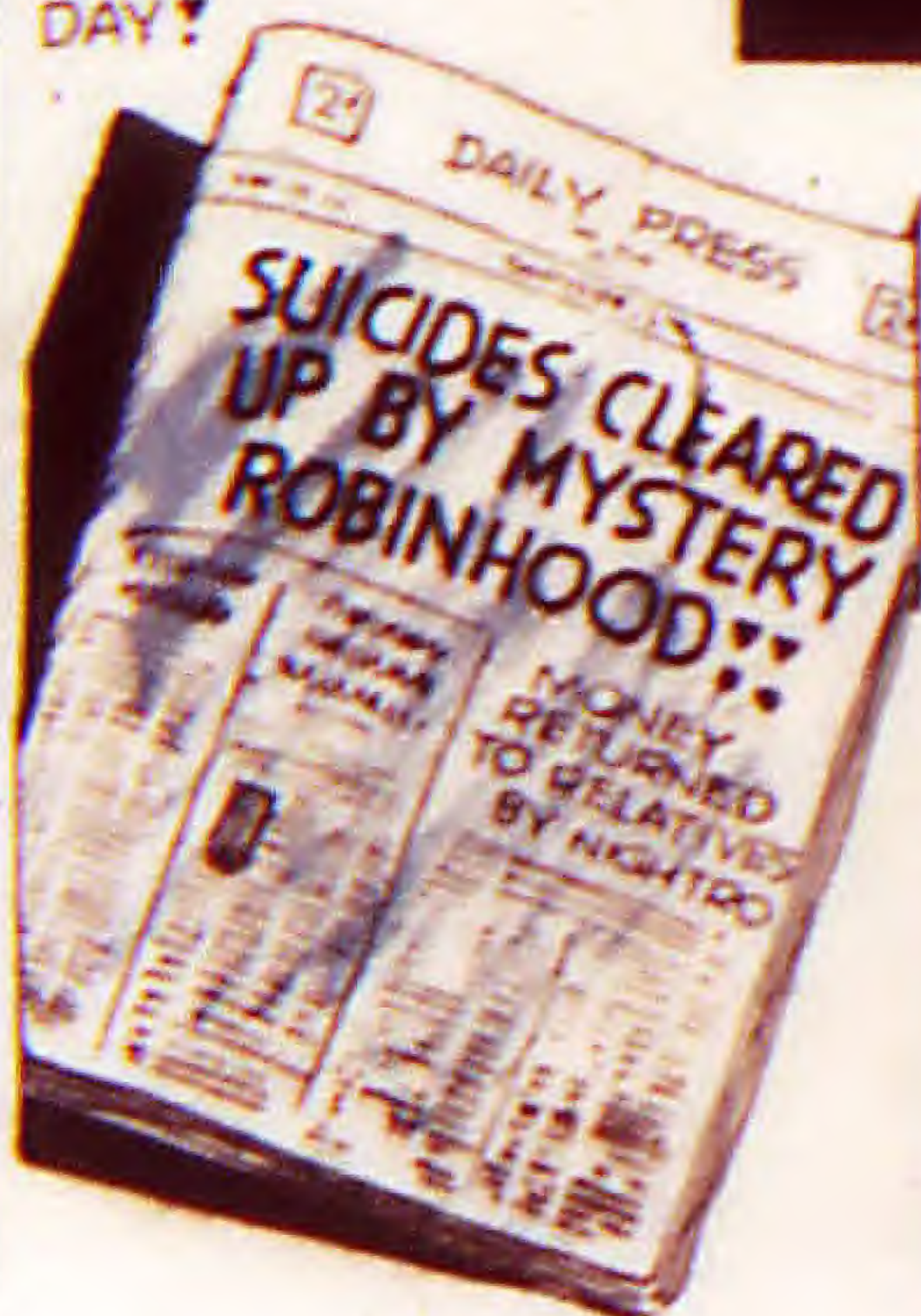
RELAX!
SIT DOWN
AND HAVE
A DRINK.
--WHO IS
THIS GUY?



SO THAT'S IT? THEY'VE
GOT DOCTOR
DYKEMAN-- GUESS MY
CLIMB UP HERE WASN'T
IN VAIN!



NEXT DAY!



FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE SUPERSTITIOUS, THE EDITORS ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION IN THE READING OF THIS MATERIAL....FOR WHO CAN SAY WHAT TRUTH MAY LIE BEHIND THE FEAR THAT HAS FOLLOVED THIS NUMERAL DOWN THROUGH THE AGES....

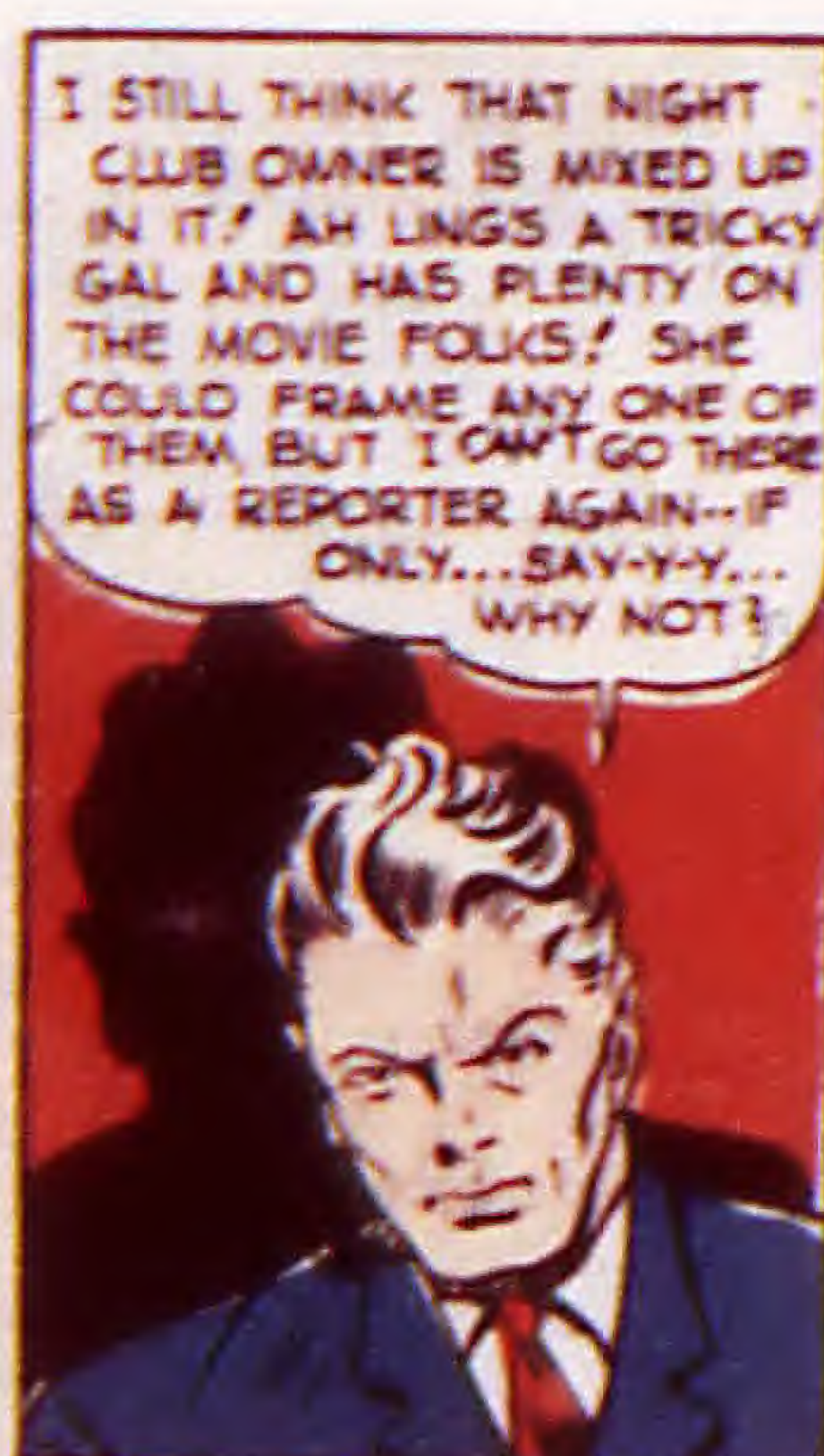
'13' THE NEMESIS NUMBER OF ALL TIME REARS ITS UGLY HEAD AND CASTS A SHADOW OF TRAGEDY OVER THE LIFE OF HAROLD HIGGINS--BUT FROM THIS EVIL DIDGET AN IDEA IS BORN, AND FROM THAT IDEA SPRINGS A STARTLING FIGURE, WHO IS SOON TO TURN THIS NUMBER OF ILL OMEN INTO A BOOMERANG AND CRUCIFY THE CROSS-ROADS OF CRIME WITH A CAMPAIGN OF JUSTICE, WHICH BRINGS TO ALL THE UNDERWORLD, THE FEAR OF "13"

BERNIE KLEIN AND DICK WOOD

IN THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD, A CINEMA STAR DISAPPEARS--AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE HERALD, MANAGING EDITOR, CLYDE ROUSSOS, FIRES AN EMPLOYEE.....







AND A MOMENT LATER EMERGES AS THE DREADED SYMBOL OF BAD LUCK--13!

IT'S TIME I STARTED DISHING OUT BAD FORTUNE --AND THOSE SLY FOUR FLUSHING VERMIN ARE A GOOD DUET TO START WITH!



MEANWHILE IN THE CELLAR OF AH LING'S HOME...

IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE MILLER! A PALTRY TEN THOUSAND WILL SAVE YOU DISGRACE--AND--



YOUR LIFE!... YOU'RE FILTHY WITH MONEY!

OKAY, KEEP YOUR GOLD ROMEO! I'LL GIVE YOU A REAL PICTURE SEQUENCE TO PLAY! GET THE WHIP, FONG!

NOW BE CAREFUL, AH LING!

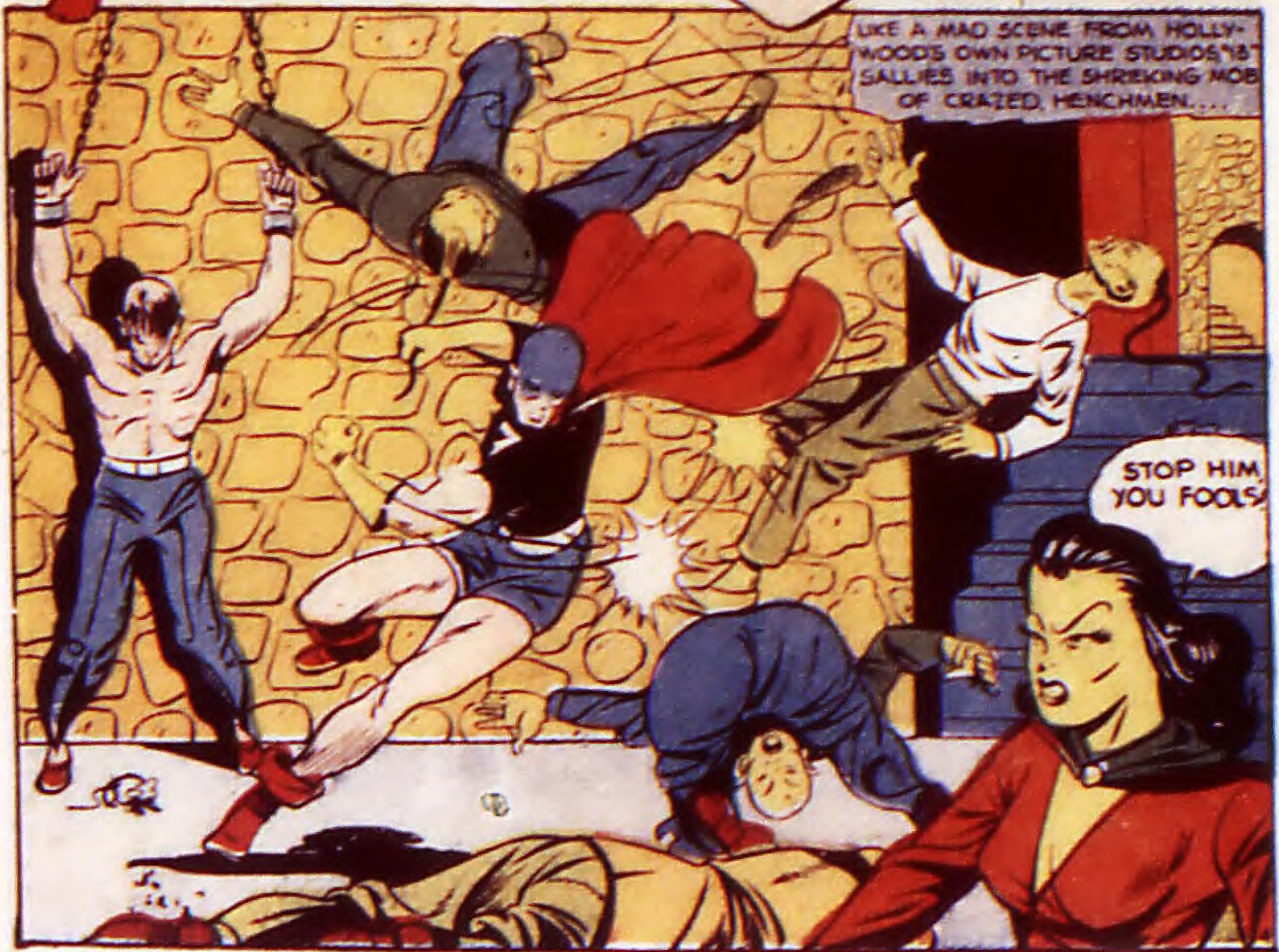


SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOW OF THE DARKENED STAIRCASE A TALL FIGURE STALKS INTO THE CHAMBER--

13



DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THAT WHIP, BOYS! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE EXERCISE YOU NEED!



LIKE A MAD SCENE FROM HOLLYWOOD'S OWN PICTURE STUDIOS, 13 SALLIES INTO THE SHREKING MOB OF CRAZED HENCHMEN...

STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS!



WILL
THE

CLAW

RULE
AMERICA?

MINE!!
MINE!!
IT SHALL
BE
MINE!!

LAST MONTH:

FOLLOWING THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ENTIRE TRAINLOAD OF 2000 ARMY MEN ENROUTE FOR MANEUVERS AN ULTIMATUM WAS RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT FROM THE CLAW.THE WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN HAD KIDNAPPED THESE MEN, AND HIS DEMAND FOR THEIR SAFE RETURN WAS COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE COUNTRY'S GOLD SUPPLY.....THE CLEVERNESS OF BILL HOPKINS A RAILROAD ENGINEER WHOSE BROTHER WAS AMONG THE MISSING MEN UNCOVERED THE CLAW'S HIDEOUT..... BUT..... FOLLOWING HIS ULTIMATUM BEING SPURNED BY THE GOVERNMENT THE CLAW HYPNOTIZED HIS CAPTIVES THROUGH A VERY CLEVER MOVIE WHICH HE PUT ON-----AND NOW--

"The Battle of the Centuries"

BOB
WOOD

DEEP IN A MOUNTAIN IN
MIDWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
THE CLAW IS HOLDING
CAPTIVE THE 2000
KIDNAPPED (HYPNOTIZED)
SOLDIERS.....

IT IS NOW THAT THE
GREATEST MILITARY
ENCOUNTER OF ALL TIME
IS ABOUT TO OCCUR.
BEING HYPNOTIZED THE
CAPTIVES ARE ONLY CAPA-
BLE OF DOING AS THE
CLAW SO CHOOSES. THERE-
FORE AS A DETACHMENT
OF U.S. ARMY MEN BURSTS
INTO THE CLAW'S LAIR,
THEY FIND THEMSELVES
CONFRONTED NOT ONLY
WITH THE CLAW'S MEN,
BUT WITH 2000 OF THEIR
MEN, READY TO STRIKE AT
THE CLAW'S COMMAND
AND DO BATTLE WITH
THEM....

DYNAMITE! SOME-
ONE'S BLASTING
THROUGH. MOBILIZE
FAST! WE MUST
FIGHT!!



WITH THESE WORDS THE COMBINED
FORCES OF THE CLAW RUSH
FORWARD.....



CHARGE!
GET THE
CLAW!

HEY! LOOK! WHAT'S
WRONG? OUR
OWN MEN
ARE COMING
FOR US!



MEANWHILE BILL
HOPKINS SPES HIS
BROTHER, DICK,
CHARGING INTO
BATTLE WITH
THE CLAW'S
MEN!

GREAT
SCOTT! IT
IT CAN'T BE!
I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!



BEFORE THE HYPNOTIZED DICK
HOPKINS CAN DO ANY DAMAGE
BILL STOPS HIM WITH A FLYING
TACKLE!



ENRAGED UNDER THE CLAW'S HYP-
NOTIC SPELL DICK LEAPS TO HIS
FEET WITH MURDER IN HIS EYES
...SEIZING A KNIFE, HE STARTS
FOR HIS BROTHER.....

KILL!
KILL!

DON'T DICK!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!



SORRY
DICK!



AS THE BATTLE RAGES BILL
BEARS DICK AWAY FROM
THE CONFLICT.

I'LL FIND SOME HIDDEN
SPOT AND GET HIM
AWAY FROM THIS MESS!
THEN FOR THE CLAW!



DEPARTING HIS BARRICADE
IN AN OUT OF THE WAY
SPOT BILL RETURNS TO THE
SCENE OF THE BATTLE.

THANK HEAVENS
HE'S SAFE....NOW
TO JOIN THE
PESTIVITIES!



MEANWHILE....

FIGHT!
FIGHT!
KILL!



BILL IS STARTLED AS HE WITNESSES
THE MOST ASTOUNDING SPECTACLE
EVER WITNESSED BY MAN....

I I CANT BELIEVE
IT...KILLING THEIR OWN
MEN OFF...IF ONLY
SOMEHOW THE CLAW'S
HYPNOTIC SPELL COULD
BE BROKEN...

AAAGH!



SO YOU WOULD
DARE MATCH YOUR
SKILL WITH THE
CLAW?...KILL YOUR-
SELVES OFF,
FOOLS!

AS THE BATTLE RAGES FU-
RIOUSLY THE CLAW HIMSELF
IS DOING HIS BEST TO DES-
TROY UNCLE SAM'S TROOPS.

太



太



PUTTY BUT WITH MAXIMUM COURAGE, THE SOLDIERS BEGIN TO DOWN THE CLAW.

NO SENSE WASTING ANY MORE BULLETS ON THIS GUY! THEY WON'T HURT HIM!

WE GOTTA THINK OF A BETTER WAY! TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE A CANNON!



ON AND ON THE MAD MONSTER OF HATE CONTINUES AS HIS MEN BATTLE ON FEROCIOUSLY. HE RUTHLESSLY CRUSHES THE SOLDIERS AS THOUGH THEY WERE 'PUTTY IN HIS HANDS'!

THE WHOLE U.S. ARMY IS HELPLESS AGAINST ME.. BUT ENOUGH... NOW TO FINISH THEM ALL.. OPEN THE GAS LINE!



FROM THE MAD FRAY, THREE LEADERS RUSH TO A CHAMBER WHERE A HUGE WHEEL CONTROLS A FLOW OF GAS...

木山

洲本



QUICK! THE GAS MASKS!



AS ENORMOUS GAS GETS ARE OPENED, THE CLAW'S MEN AUTOMATICALLY DON GAS MASKS....

火泉

GET MASTER'S MASK!



BILL NOTICES TWO ASIATICS SEIZE A HUGE GAS MASK.

SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE-FAST! HEY.. WHAT'S THAT?



...THE CLAW'S GAS MASK

大



BEFORE THEY CAN GET FAR BILL TEARS INTO THE TWO ORIENTALS WITH THE FURY OF A MAD TIGER...

LET THE CLAW TASTE A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!





I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER PLACE TO DEPOSIT THIS!

BILL HURTS THE CLAW'S HUGE GAS MASK HEAD-LONG INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT...



MY MASK! QUICK... MY GAS MASK!



AS THE WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN SHRIEKS OUT HIS COMMAND HIS MEN FUTILY SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HIS GAS MASK!

THE MASTER'S MASK??

IT'S GONE! WE MUST FIND IT!!



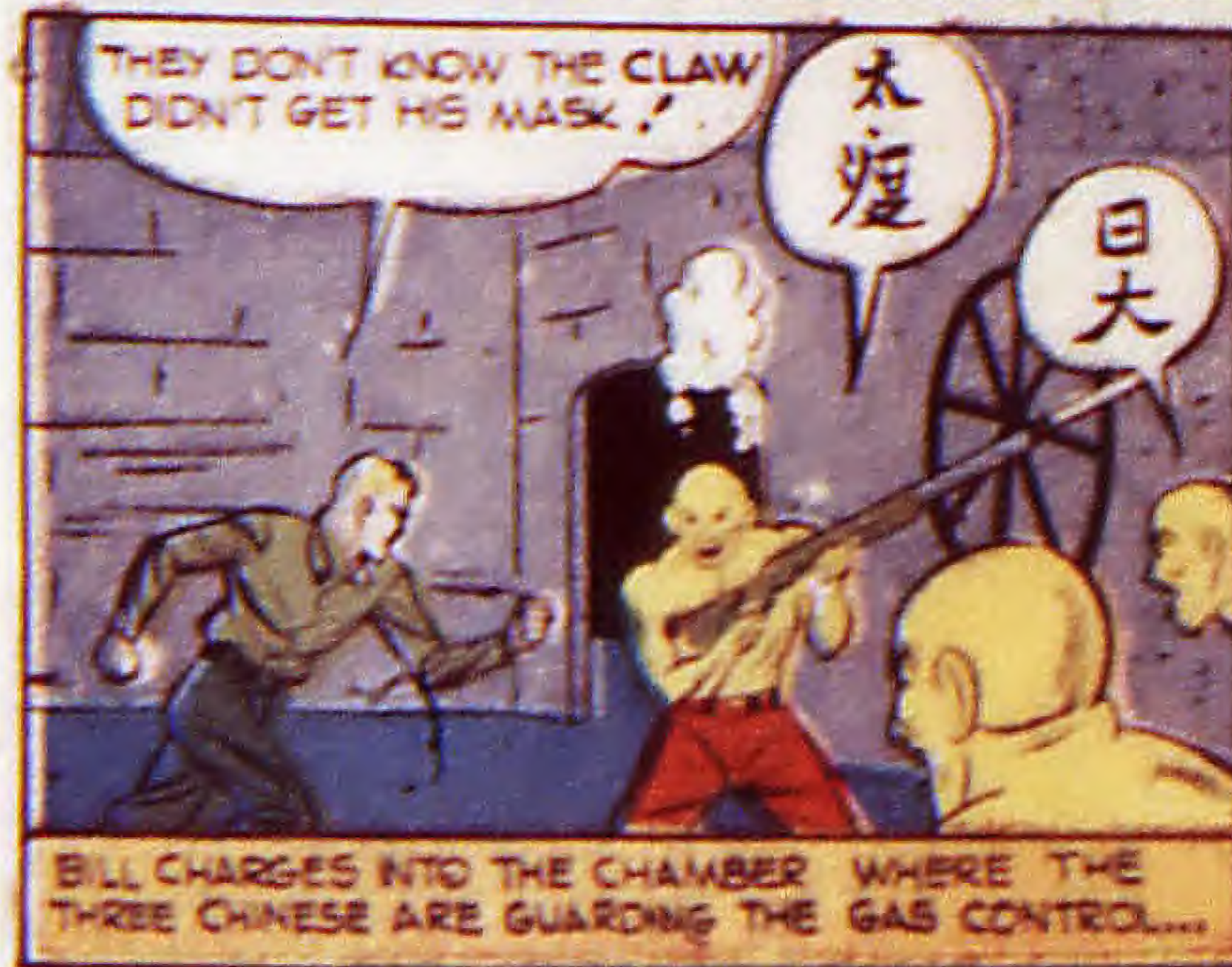
BUT THE CLAW'S MONSTROUS WINGS RECOIL FIFTY TIMES AS MUCH AIR AS THOSE OF A MAN AND THIS HE IS QUICKLY OVERCOME BY THE FLOOD...

MY MASK! MY.. COUGH!.. HELP! COUGH!

森虎



WOW! THAT DID IT.. HE'S A GONER! COUGH-COUGH-NOW TO STOP THE FLOW OF GAS BEFORE IT GETS US TOO!



THEY DON'T KNOW THE CLAW DIDN'T GET HIS MASK!

太瘦

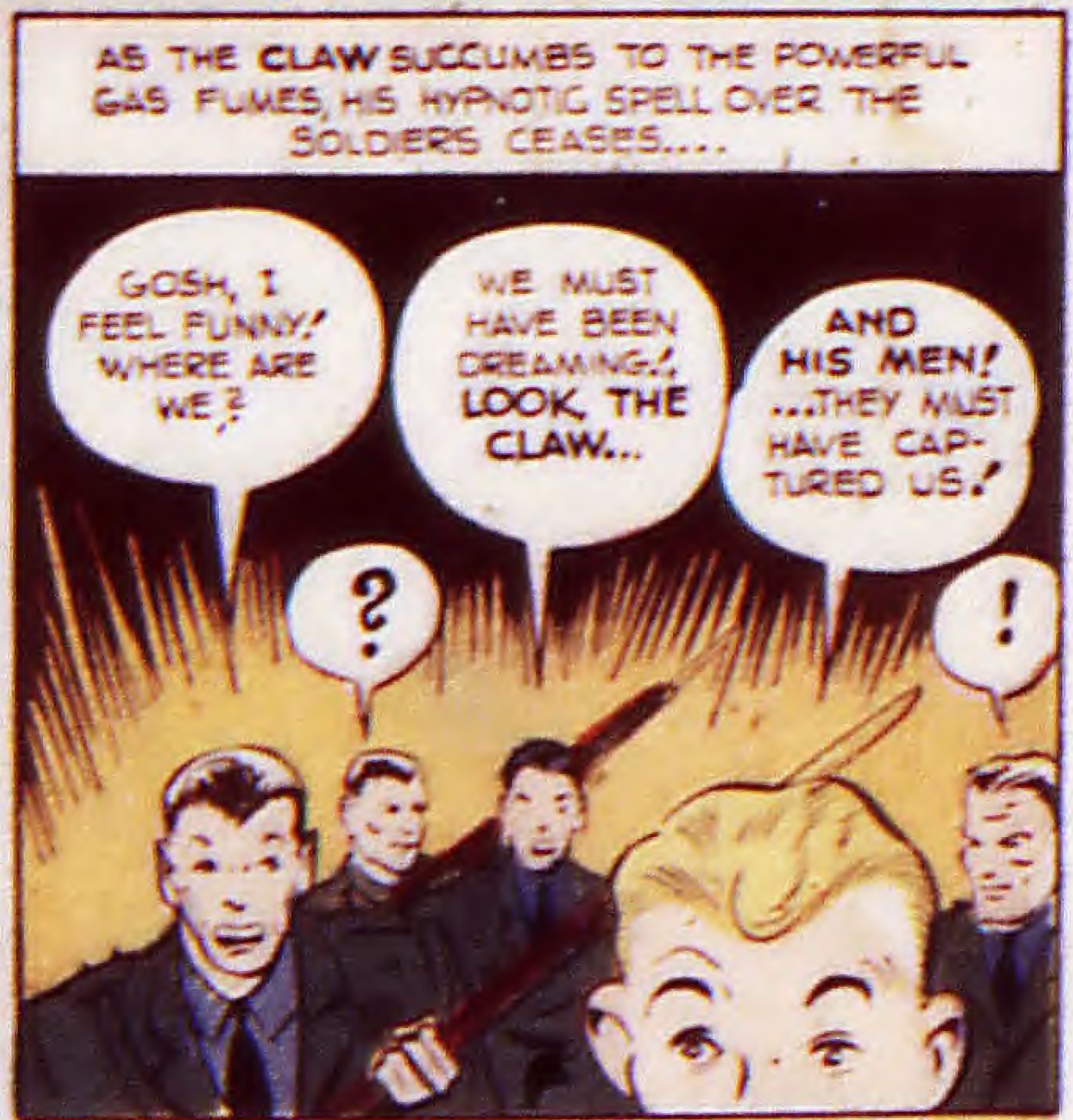
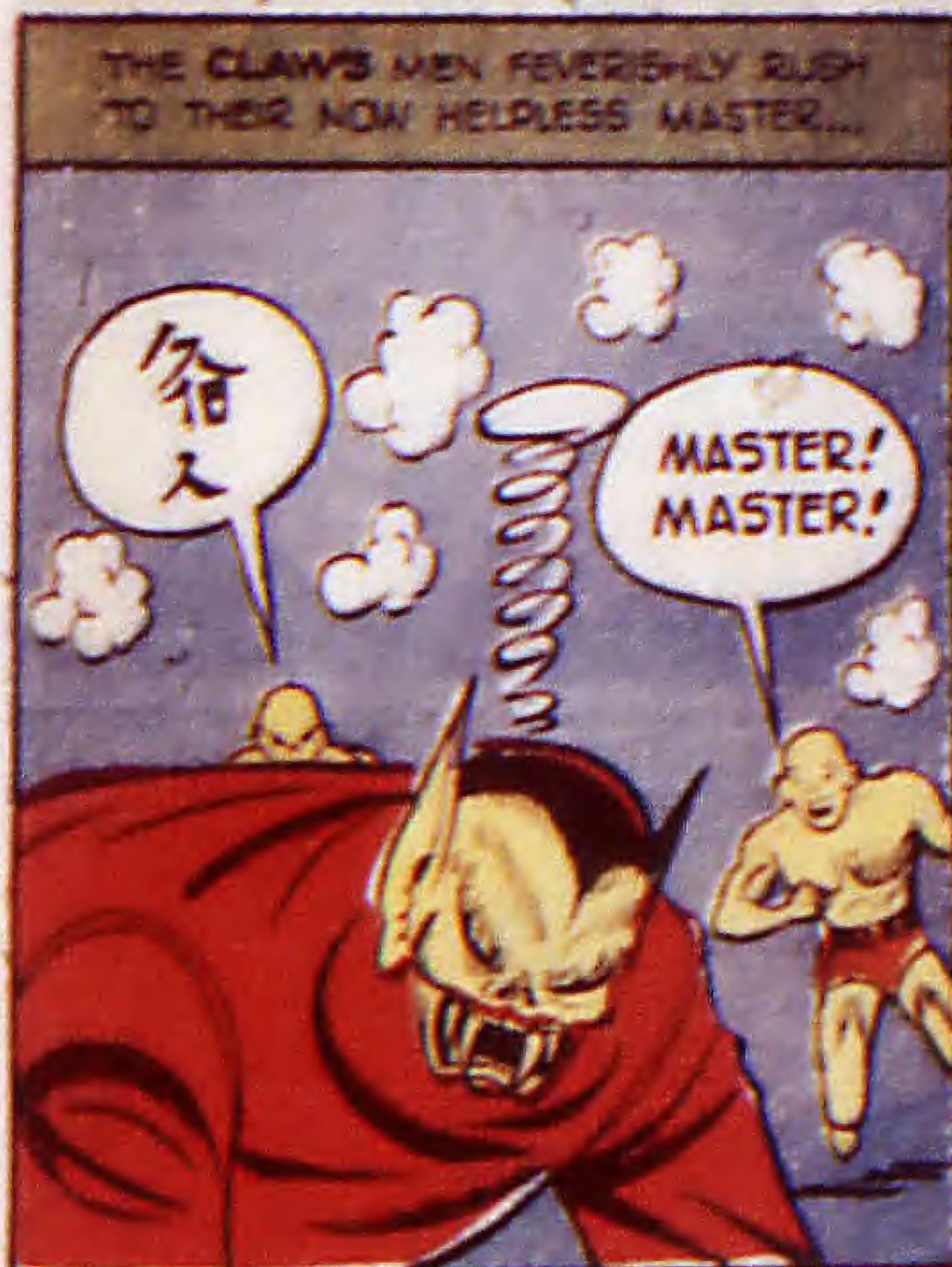
日大

BILL CHARGES INTO THE CHAMBER WHERE THE THREE CHINESE ARE GUARDING THE GAS CONTROL...



國太

GOTTA GET TO THAT WHEEL FAST!



STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION WHICH HAS OVERCOME THE SOLDIERS, THE CLAW'S MEN ARE QUITE BEFUDDLED!



REALIZING THEY ARE NOW OUTNUMBERED, THE ORIENTALS CRINGE AND FLEE IN TERROR...



SOME ESCAPE. OTHERS ARE SEIZED, AND TAKEN CAPTIVE....



HEAVY CHAINS ARE SOON RUSHED TO THE SCENE WHERE THE CLAW IS LYING SEMI-CONSCIOUS...



DICK HOPKINS NOW FREE FROM THE CLAW'S HYPNOTIC SPELL, RECOGNIZES HIS BROTHER...



BILL!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN DREAMING AND HOW DID YOU GET HERE? BOY, WHERE DO I GET THIS SHINER?



FIRST YOU WERE HYPOTIZED BY THE CLAW... I DISCOVERED HE WAS HOLDING YOU CAPTIVE... AND... ER... THE BLACK EYE... I'M AFRAID I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT!



AT LAST... THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN IS IN CAPTIVITY! BEFORE THE CLAW COULD BEGIN HIS SENSES, THE MONSTER HAS BEEN CUSTLED INTO CHAINS.....



MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MOUNTAIN THOSE OF THE CLAW'S MEN WHO GOT AWAY ARE ALREADY PLOTTING HIS ESCAPE.....



AMERICAN SWINE! THEY STAND AND SCOFF AT ME NOW-- BUT MY MEN WILL NOT FAIL ME! MY TRUMP CARD IS YET TO BE PLAYED!



WHAT CAN THE CLAW MEAN BY HIS TRUMP CARD? CAN THE NATION FINALLY BREATHE EASILY---FREE FROM HANGING DANGER OF THIS HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY??? WE'D LIKE TO BELIEVE SO BUT KNOWING THE CLAW AS WE DO, WE'RE RATHER DOUBTFUL--THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT...ORDER YOUR OCT. ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL COMICS NOW, SO YOU WON'T MISS IT!

LONDON

by JERRY BRONSON



EMERGING FROM THE CHAOS AND DEBRIS OF WARTORN ENGLAND, IS A DEBONAIR FIGURE WHO, WITH HIS CHARM AND DASHING BRAVADO, INJECTS A NEW SPIRIT INTO THE HEARTS OF THE FIGHTING BRITONS!

FROM MELBOURNE TO BOMBAY FROM COVENTRY TO SUEZ, SPEED FANTASTIC STORIES OF THIS STARTLING NEW CHARACTER WHO SUCCESSFULLY MATCHES WITS WITH THE MOST CUNNING AGENTS...

MASTERS OF ESPIONAGE WHO HAVE COME TO FEAR AND EVEN ADMIRE HIM, - THIS MAN... KNOWN SIMPLY AS... LONDON... FOR HE IS LONDON - THE LIVING, BREATHING, REALITY TO

PROVE - LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

ABOVE THE BOMBED CITY OF LONDON, A LONE PLANE CIRCLES - A BRILLIANT REPORTER BRINGS HIS BRONCHOS!

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON, THIS IS MARC HOLMES SPEAKING - 2000 FEET OVER LONDON - THE DAMAGE TO MILITARY OBJECTIVES BELOW OF SLIGHT BUT LONDON HOMES ARE IN RUINS - ENGLAND FACES HER GREATEST DANGER NOT FROM BOMBS BUT SPIES - SPIES WHO WIN BATTLES BEFORE THEY ARE FOUGHT - THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!



—AND THEY SHALL BE CAUGHT! FOR AGAIN, WHEN ALL LOOKS DARKEST FOR THE CAUSE, LONDON APPEARS! MYSTERIOUS LONDON—WHO SEEMS TO HAVE STEPPED FROM THE PAGES OF SOME WEIRD NOVEL—WHOSE EXPLOITS HAVE BECOME LEGENDARY! THIS TIME, LONDON HAS SUPPLIED ME WITH INFORMATION I WILL PLACE IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE CAPTURE OF THE SPY RING WITHIN 48 HOURS!



THE BESEIGED ISLAND EMPIRE IS NOW A VIRTUAL ARMED CAMP! DESPITE SEEMINGLY AIR-TIGHT PRECAUTIONS, FOREIGN AGENTS ARE STILL SLIPPING INTO THE COUNTRY AND INFORMATION IS BEING SENT TO THE ENEMY—
BUT HOW?

EVERY ROAD THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE IS BARRICADED—EVERY MOTORIST IS QUESTIONED, IDENTIFIED—SUCH AS ON THIS HIGHWAY LEADING FROM LONDON—

O.K. BUDDY, PASS!



LET'S SEE YOUR CREDENTIALS!

BUT—I SAY YOU—YOU MIGHT THINK I WAS A DREADFUL SPY! WHY I—OF COURSE, IF YOU REALLY INSIST!



I'M HECTOR PINCHLEY OF 46 ALLISTER, WEDDERBURN, HAAGEDORN AND PINCHLEY—BARRISTERS—QUEEN'S LANE— I'M OFF FOR A SPOT OF REST IN THE COUNTRY THOSE BEASTLY BOMBINGS ARE RATHER A BOTHER— DON'T YOU KNOW—?



RIGHT HO!

SORRY, SIR EVERYONE IS UNDER SUSPICION— BUT ALL IS QUITE IN ORDER! I'M SURE YOU WON'T HAVE ANY FURTHER TROUBLE—



A SHORT WHILE LATER, PINCHLEY DRIVES INTO A TYPICAL ENGLISH ESTATE—

I SAY—HERR SHLUTZ WILL BE QUITE PLEASED WITH MY PERFORMANCE!



I TOLD YOU HERR SHLUTZ IS NOT TO BE DISTURBED—HE IS LISTENING TO AN IMPORTANT BROADCAST— YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT!

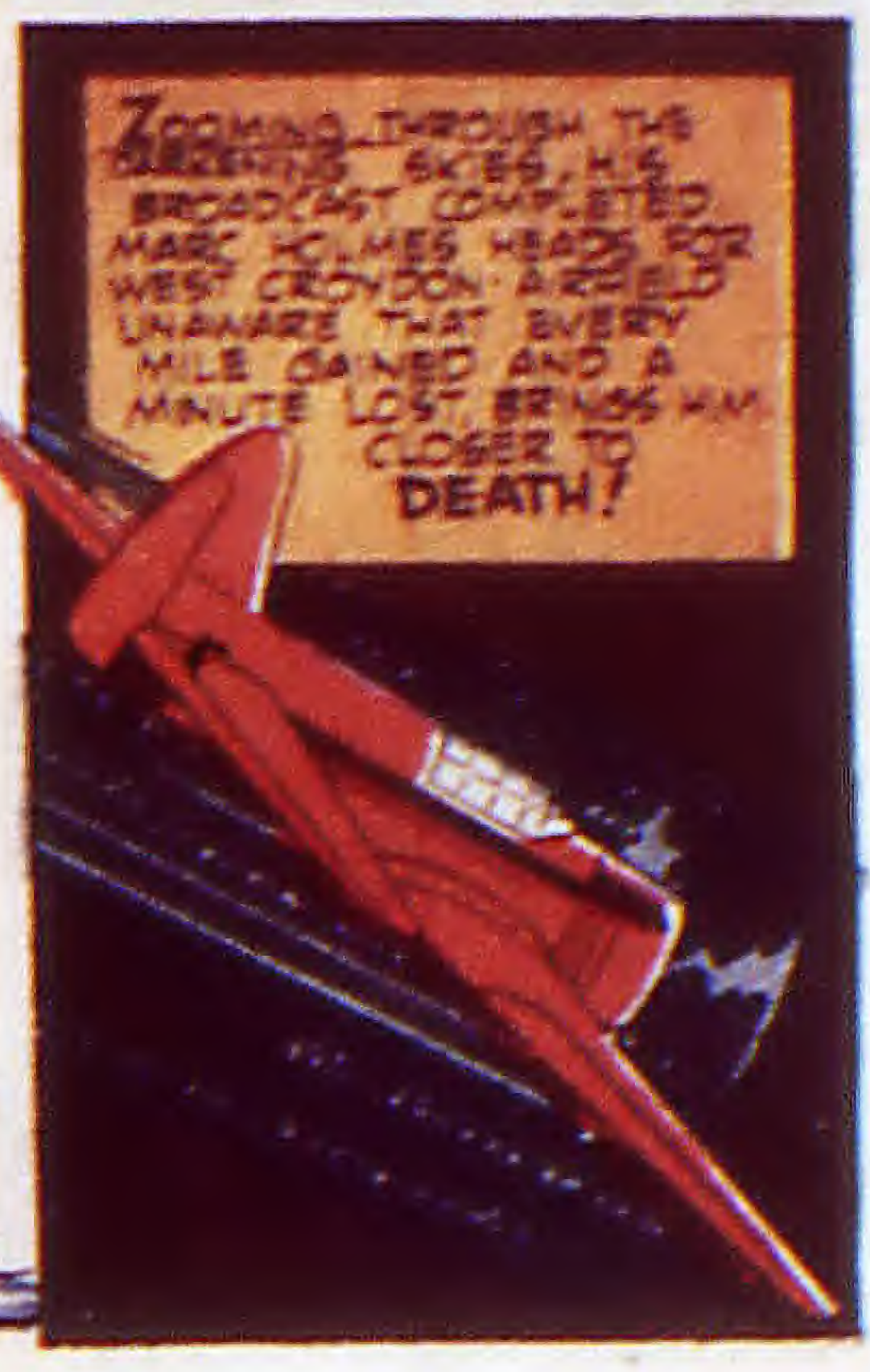
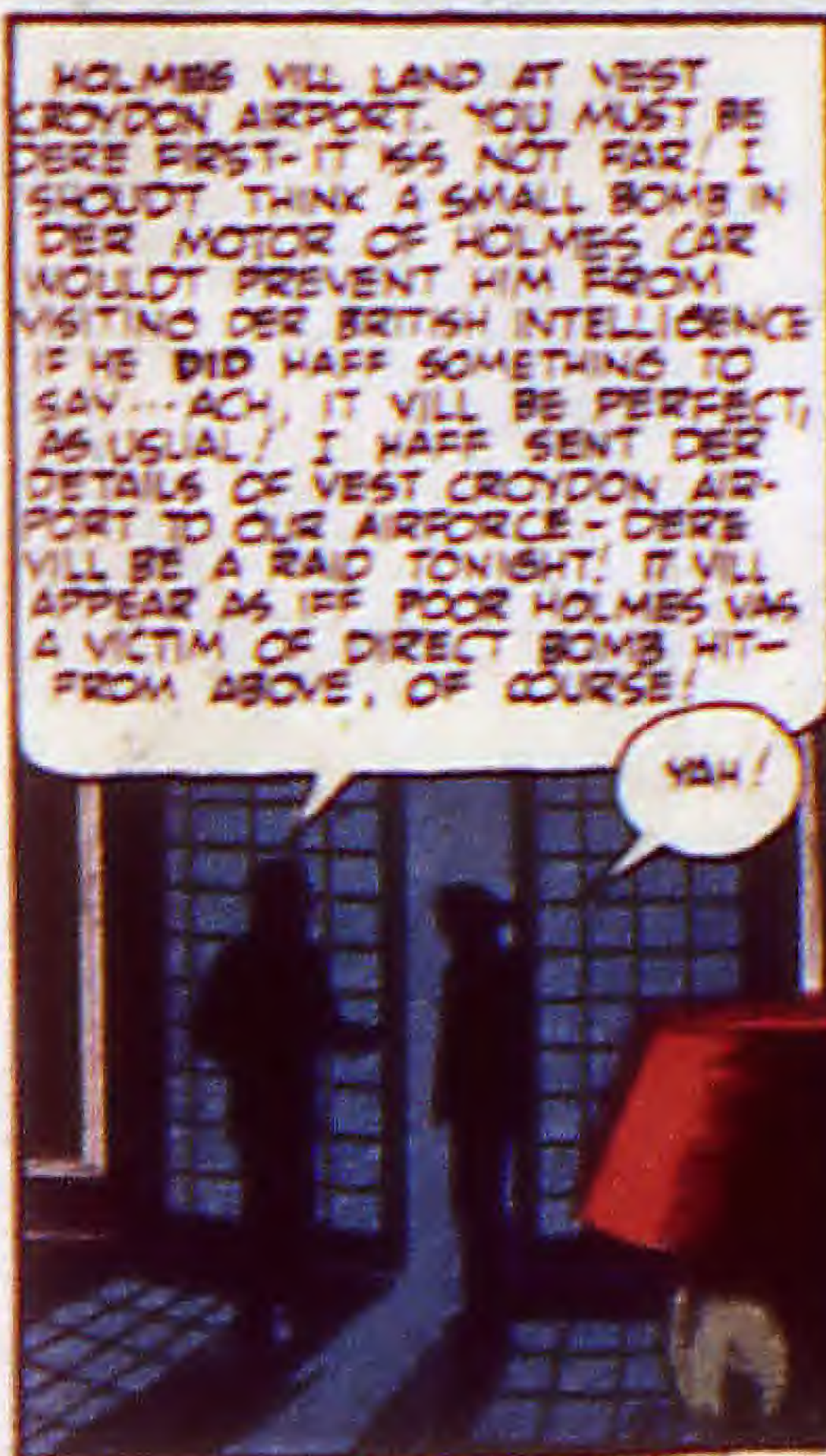
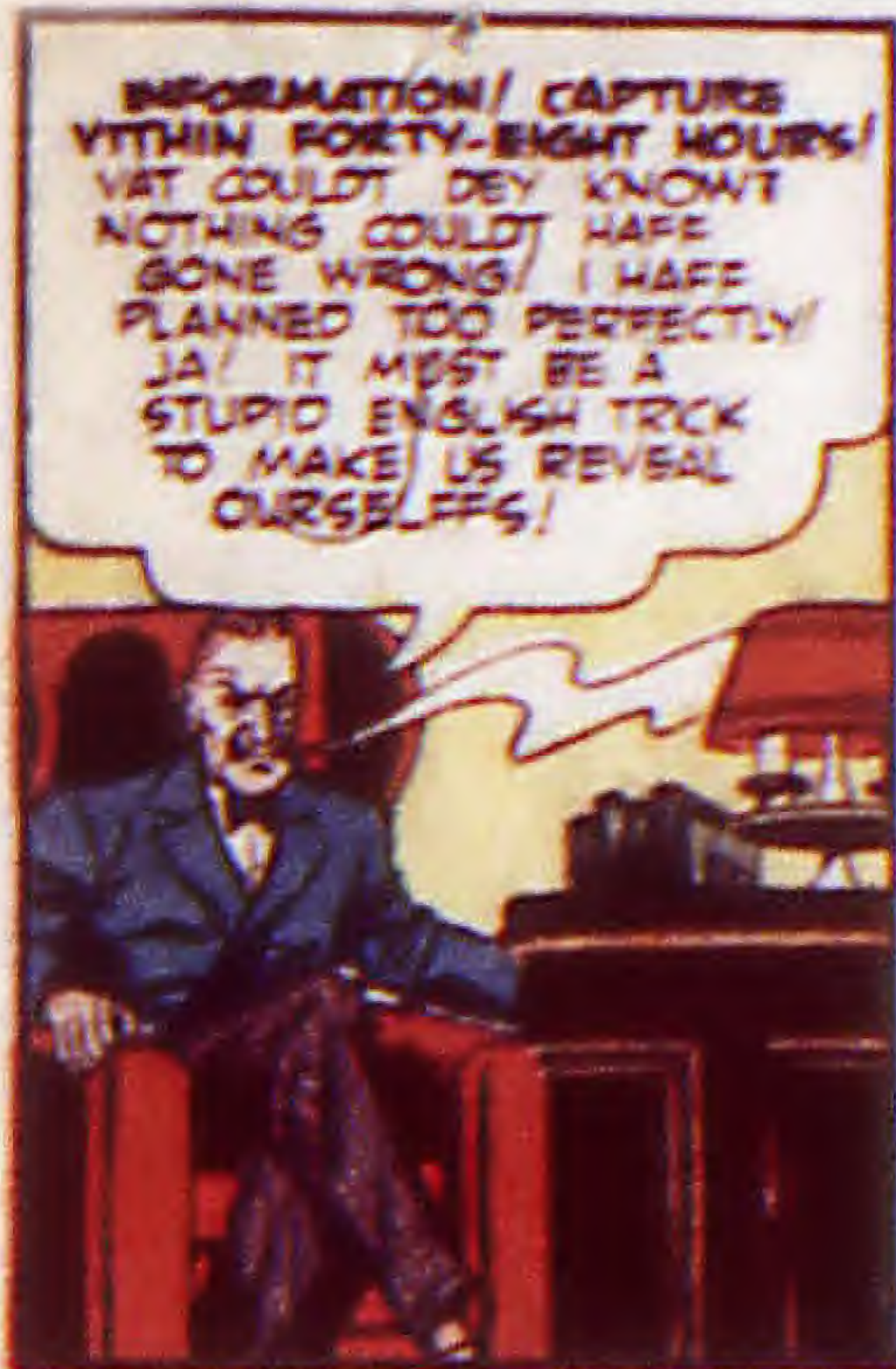
BUT I'M SURE I—



HERE SHLUTZ IS LISTENING TO AN IMPORTANT BROADCAST!

WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE CAPTURE OF THE SPY RING WITHIN 48 HOURS— AND SO UNTIL TOMORROW ENGLAND, THUMBS UP!

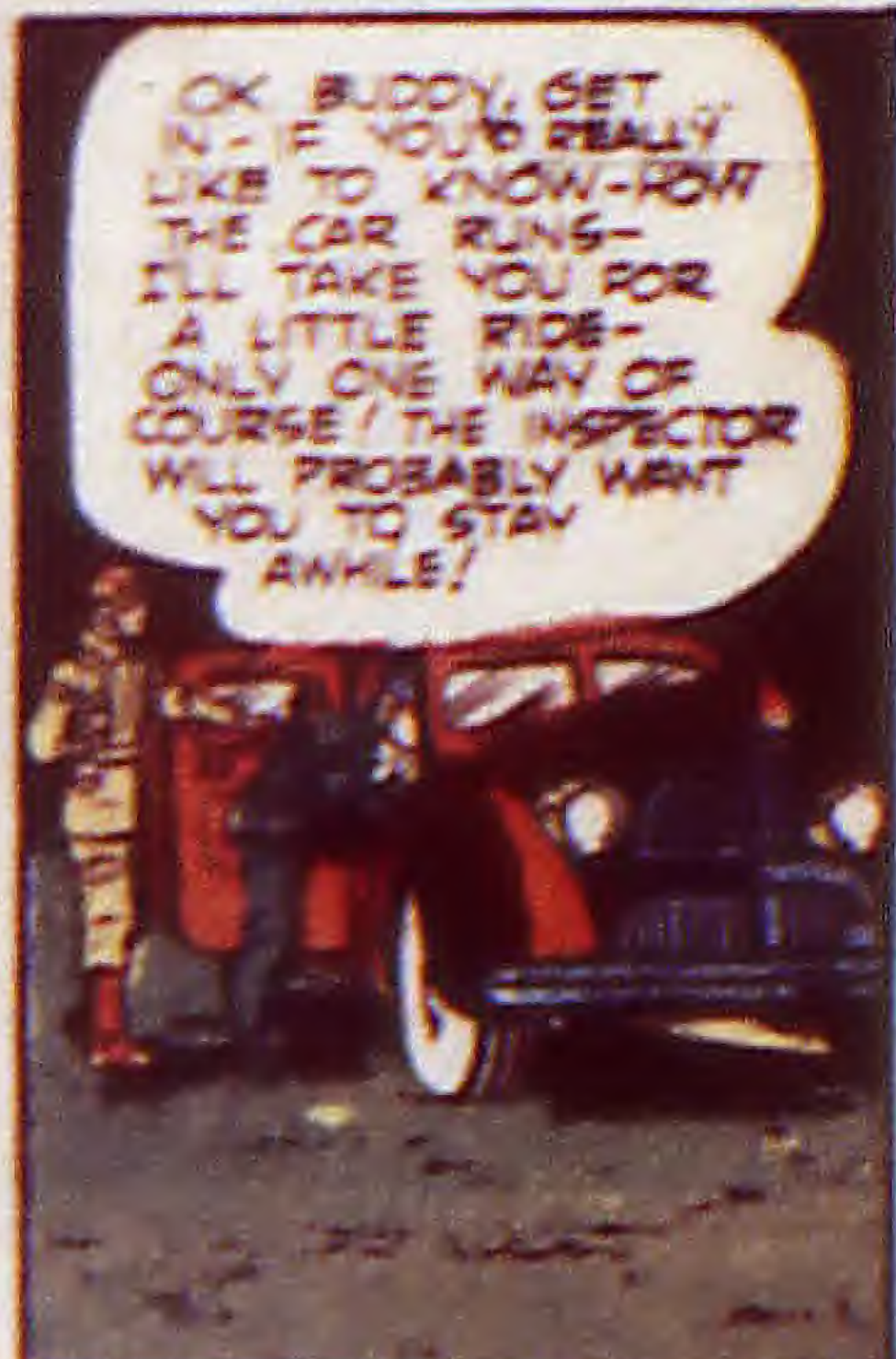




MINUTES LATER, HOLMES LANDS-EASING HIMSELF FROM THE COCKPIT-HE SUDDENLY HALTS-



COMING SILENTLY FROM BEHIND, HOLMES GENTLY TAPS THE 'WEEZ' ON THE SHOULDER-



THEN WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS,
WERGE, DESPERATELY LASHES OUT WITH
STEEL-CLIPPED HANDS

ACH 'GOODT-
DER CHAIN
'SS BROKE!

SUDDENLY!
THE HUGE
MECHANICAL
EARS OF THE
AIRPORT
WARN OF
APPROACHING
PLANES -
**AIR
RAID!**

THE HUGE
MECHANICAL
EARS OF THE
AIRPORT
WARN OF
APPROACHING
PLANES—
**AIR
RAID!**

A man in a dark suit is running away from a man in a yellow shirt. The man in the yellow shirt is shouting, "I MUST GET OUT OF HERE - DOT PLANE - YAH! I'LL FLY DOT PLANE!". The background is a solid red color.

SO, I DIDN'T EXPECT MY
BLUFF TO WORK SO SWIFTLY.
HE MUST BE ONE OF THE
SPY RING. I KNEW THEY'D
TRY TO PUT ME AWAY
BEFORE
I COULD
DELIVER
THE
INFORMATION

NAZI PLANES
SWARM OVER THE
AIRFIELD IN A
COMPLETE SURPRISE
ATTACK!! A
TORRENT OF BOMBS
BURSTS OVER THE
FIELD - BUT
WEASEL RACES
MADLY ON--

IN THE COCKPIT OF A RAIDING GERMAN PLANE, A GUNNER GRINS WIDELY—

DIVE! UN ENGLISH DOG IS TRYING TO REACH HIS PLANE! DOT SCHWEIN WILL NEVER FLY AGAIN!!

AND SO... IRONIC FATE -
A VENOMOUS NAZI
AVIATOR SENDS A
DEADLY STREAM OF BULLETS
INTO THE BACK OF HIS
OWN AGENT.

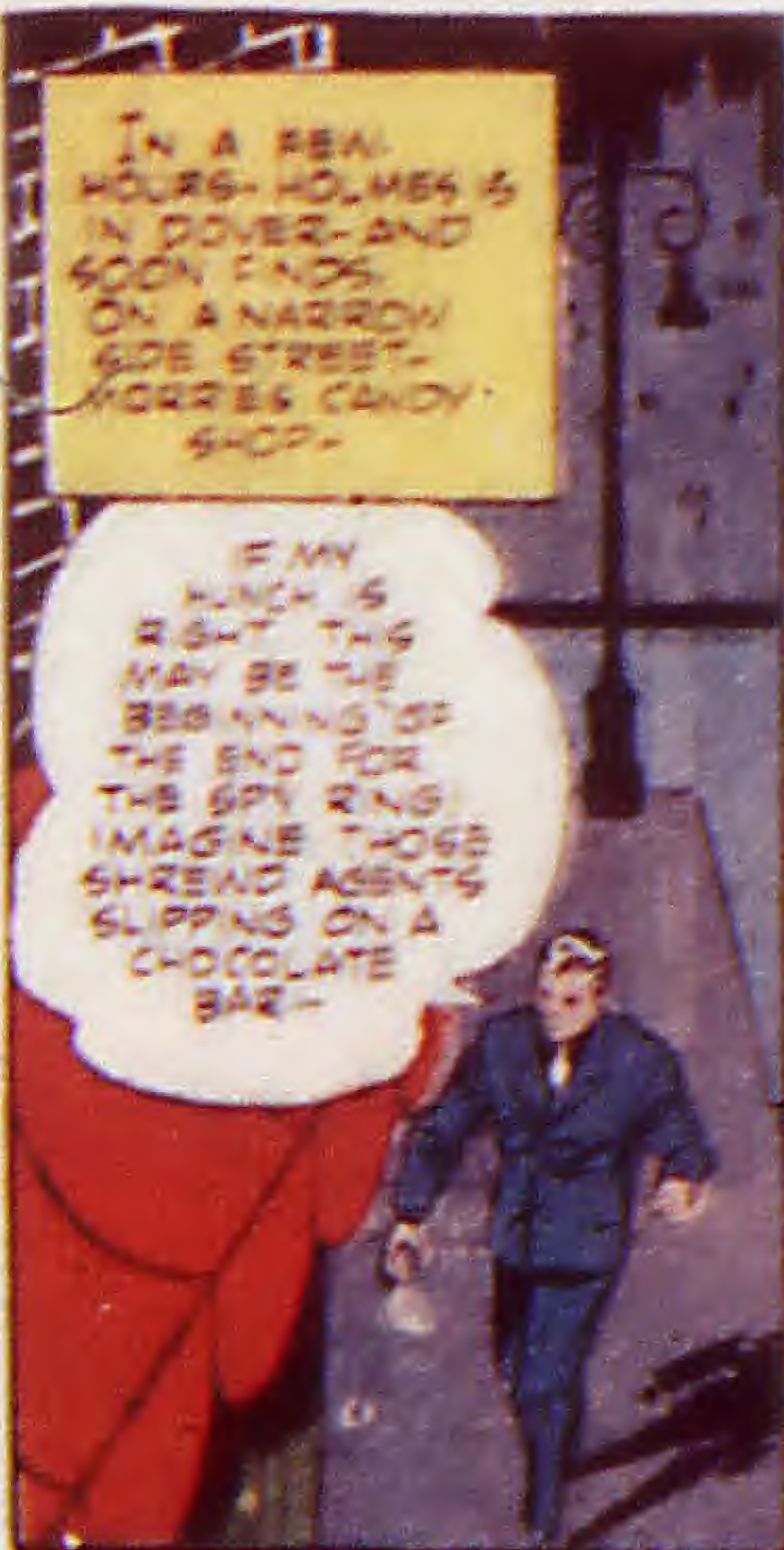
1) AFTER THE RAID,
HOLMES SEARCHES
THE BODY OF THE
BLAN NAZ - ONE
ENVELOPE WAS IN
ENTIRE POSSESSION

HMM-
WONDER
IF ITS
MY ONLY
LEAD?
-- HAVE
TO CHANCE

Morgan Family
 1000 1/2 E. 1st St.
 Chicago, Ill.
 1900

IN A FEW HOURS HOLMES IS IN DOVER-AND SOON FINDS ON A NARROW SIDE STREET-MORRIS CANDY SHOP-

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT THIS MAY BE THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE SPY RING IMAGINE THOSE SHREWD AGENTS SLIPPING ON A CHOCOLATE BAR-



I'D LIKE A CHOCOLATE BAR PLEASE-ONE WITH A SPECIAL FILLING-

-WITH A SPECIAL FILLING-AH YES, OF COURSE-



HERE YOU ARE- I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THE FILLING MOST DELICIOUS- I MADE IT MYSELF-

YES- I'VE HEARD YOU HAVE SOMETHING NEW IN CANDIES EVERY DAY!



LEAVING THE STORE- HOLMES ENTERS A PHONE BOOTH IN A NEARBY DRUG STORE- AND QUICKLY- BEGINS OPEN THE CIPHER BAR-

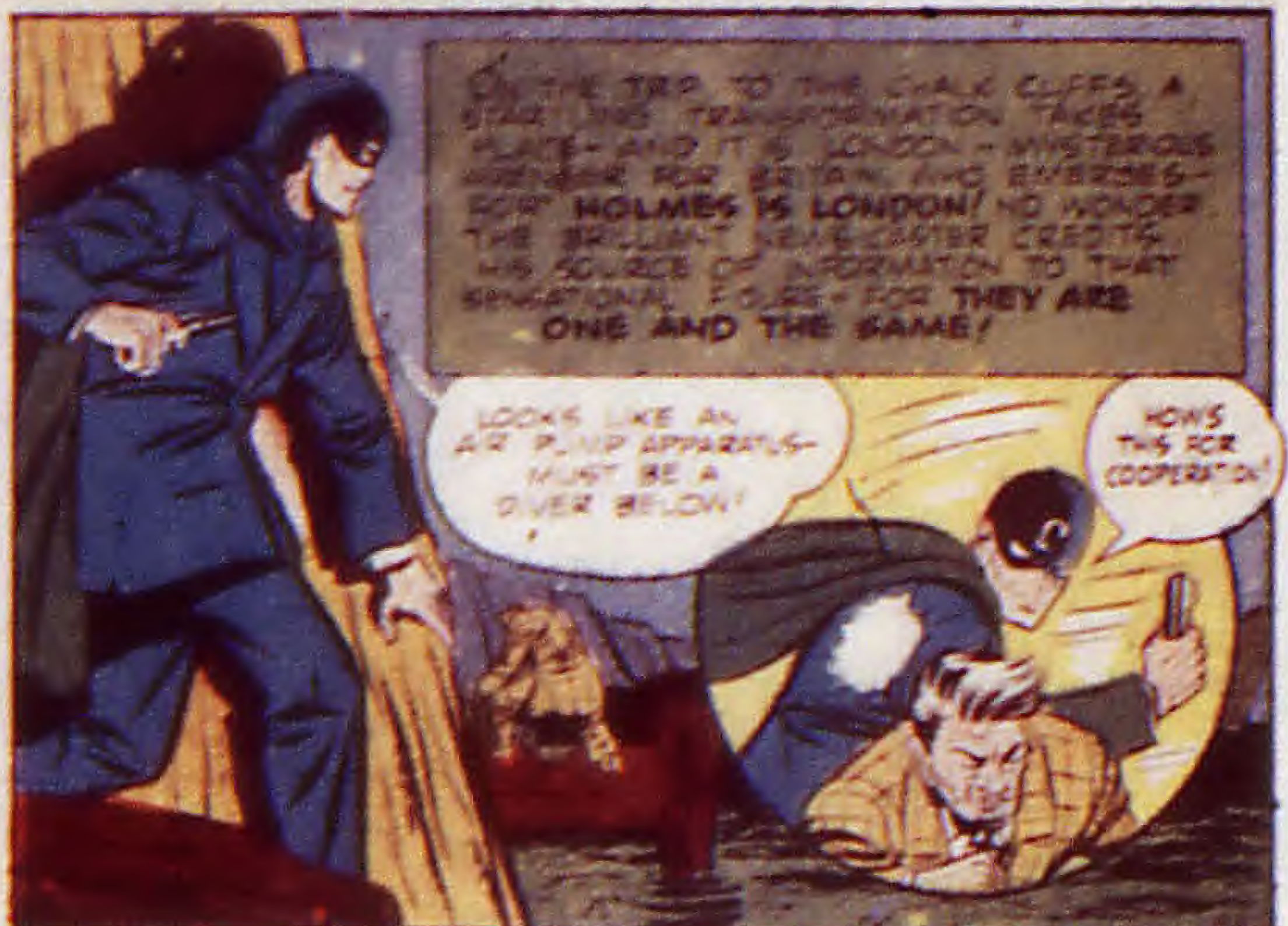
HMM- LET'S SEE, COOPERATE WITH COMMUNICATION UNIT OFF CHALK CLIFFS, NORTH OF DOVER- FOLLOW ROUTE 22A- SAY-NOW WE ARE GETTING SOME-PLACE!



ON THE TRIP TO THE CHALK CLIFFS A STRANGE TRANSPORTATION TAKES PLACE- AND IT IS LONDON- MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE FOR BRITAIN AND EMERGES- FOR HOLMES IS LONDON! NO WONDER THE BRILLIANT NEWS-CASTER CREDITED HIS SOURCE OF INFORMATION TO THAT SENSATIONAL FOLLY- FOR THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME!

LOOKS LIKE AN AIR PLUMP APPARATUS- MUST BE A DIVER BELOW!

HOW'S THIS FOR COOPERATION!



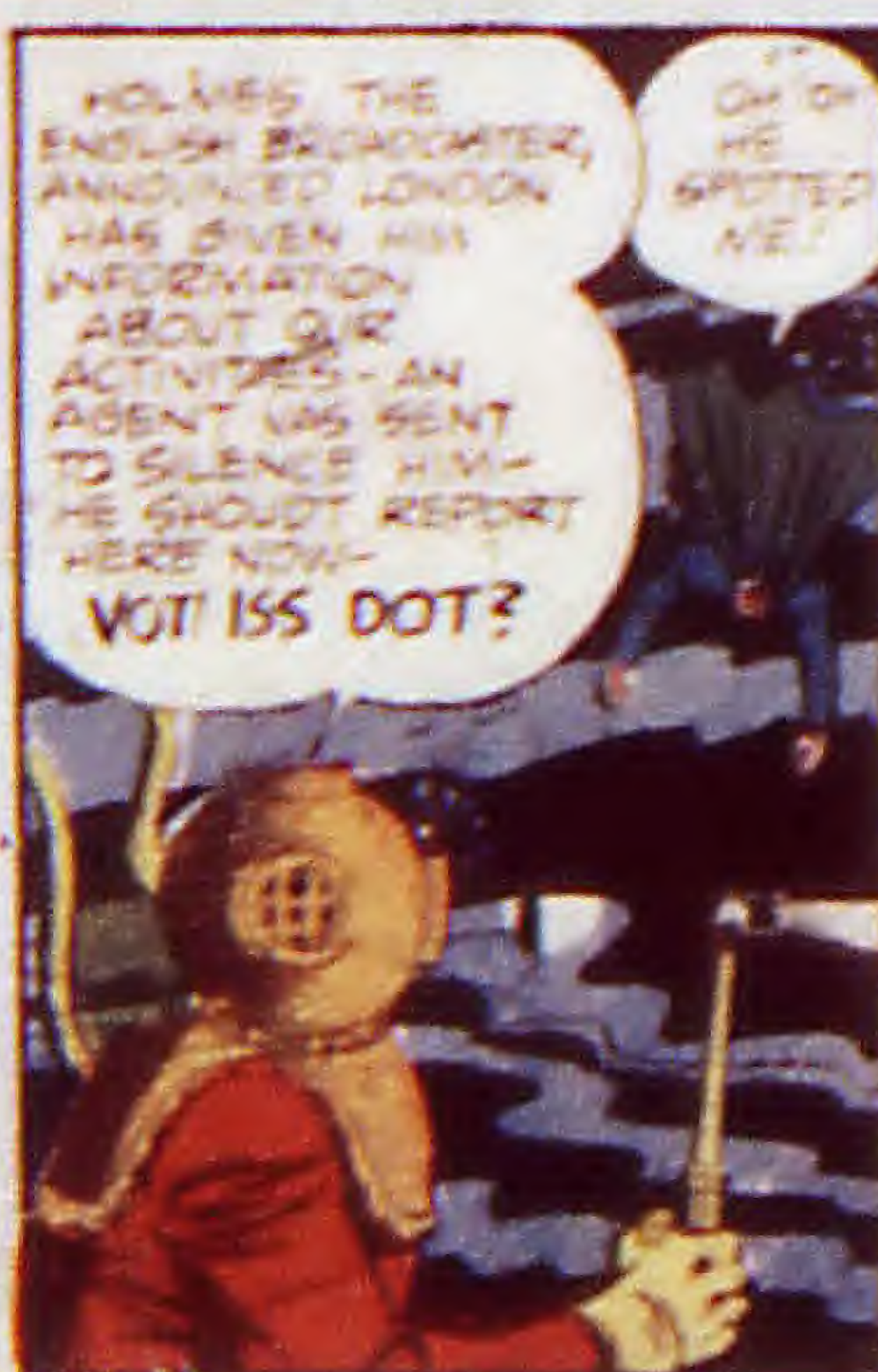
DIVING IN THE WATER LONDON SPOTS THE DIVER-

SO THAT'S HOW THEY'VE BEEN GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF THE COUNTRY- A CABLE UNDER THE CHANNAL!



HOLMES THE ENGLISH BROADCASTER, ANNOUNCED LONDON HAS GIVEN HIM INFORMATION ABOUT OUR ACTIVITIES- AN AGENT WAS SENT TO SILENCE HIM- HE SHOULD REPORT HERE NOW- NOT! ISS DOT?

OH OH HE SPOTTED ME!



NOVENTARILY PARALYZED WITH FEAR AT THE ERIE FIGURE OF LONDON THE SPY DESPERATELY SWINGS WITH THE ACETYLENE TORCH- BUT CUTS HIS OWN LIFELINE IN HIS PANIC-



REMOVING THE PHONE-PIECE FROM THE DIVER'S HELMET, LONDON QUICKLY BRINGS IT ABOVE WATER, AS A CLEVER PLAN FORMS IN HIS MIND--

THIS IS AGENT SENT TO DISPOSE OF HOLMES--HE IS TAKEN CARE OF, BUT DER ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE IS CLOSE ON OUR TRAIL. NOW IS DER TIME FOR OUR GREAT LEADER HESST TO COME AND LEAD US IN MASS SABOTAGE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! YAH! SOODT! AND FIFTY SPECIAL AGENTS! SOODT! YOU SAY THEY WILL LAND ON HERR SHLUTZ ESTATE NEAR CRUTON TOMORROW NIGHT? VERY SOODT!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AT SHLUTZ ESTATE, LONDON BETTER OFFICERS AND TOWNIES AND THE NAZIS.

TOO BAD WE MISSED SHLUTZ, HE MUST HAVE JUST GOT OUT IN TIME!

YES, BUT HESST AND THE BEST NAZI AGENTS WILL BE BIGGER CATCH!



SUDDENLY NAZI TRANSPORTS ROAR OVERHEAD... AND SILENTLY DROP THEIR CARGO OF AGENTS EQUIPPED WITH BLACK PARACHUTES--

THIS IS HOW THE DEADLY CLEVER MASTER OF ESPIONAGE HESST HAS FLOODED THE ISLAND WITH HIS SPIES!! BLACK PARACHUTES WHICH, AT NIGHT BECOME ALMOST INVISIBLE--



DOWN THEY DROP LIKE SILENT BUGS OF DESTRUCTION--WITH THE INFAMOUS HESST HIMSELF!



I HAF COME TO SAVE HUMANITY!



SWIFTLY THE ENGLISH TOMMIES ROUND UP THE NAZIS AS LONDON STEPS FORTH--

YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN GERMANY AND SAVED YOUR HIDE HESST!

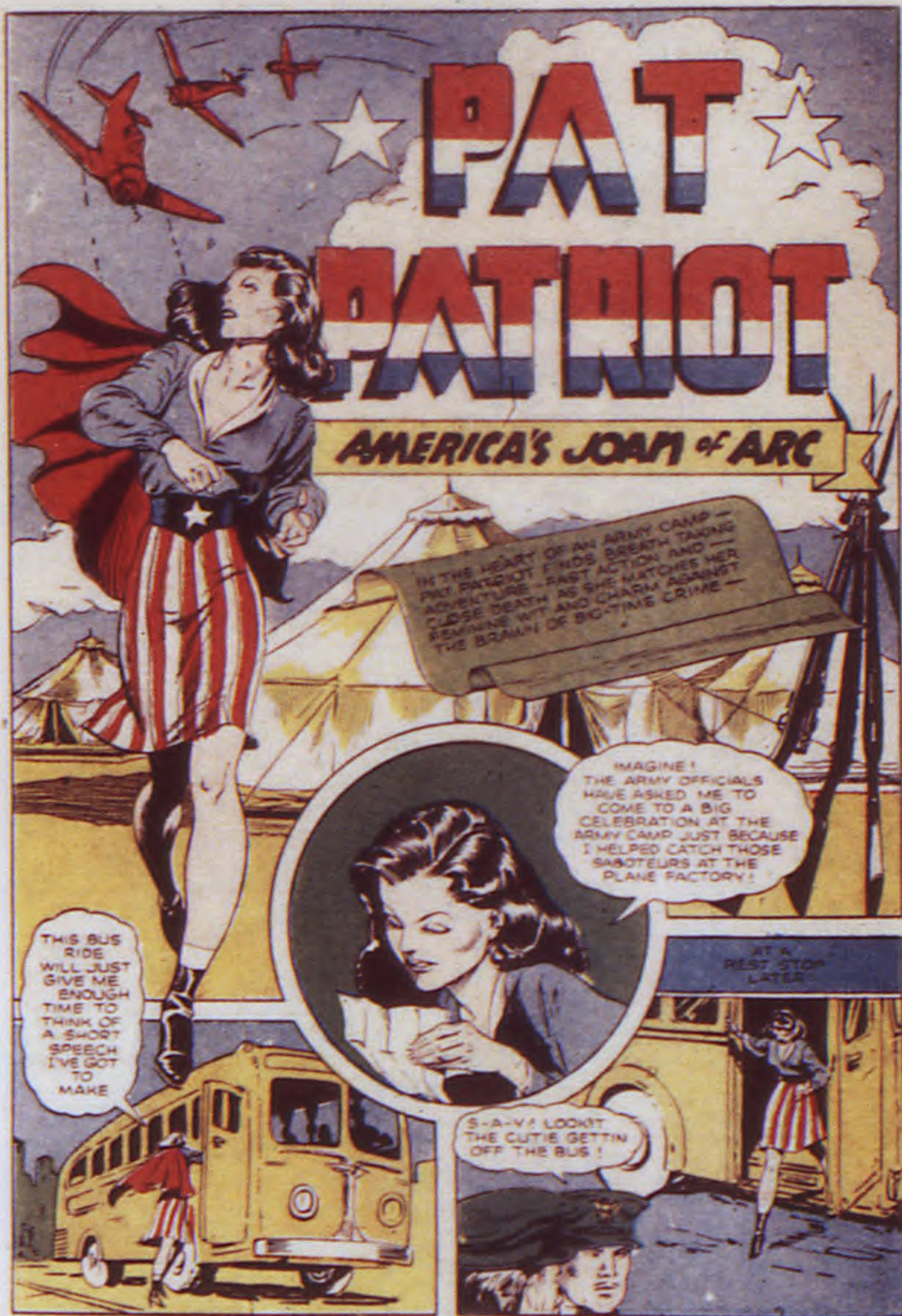


SUDDENLY HESST HAND NERVOUSLY DARTS FOR AN AUTOMATIC IN HIS BELT--BUT--



EXTRA LONDON TIMES EXTRA
HESST LANDS BY PARACHUTE IN ENGLAND
LONDON LEADS CAPTURE OF HEAD NAZI AND FIFTY NAZI SPIES
UNKNOWN HERO OF THE EMPIRE DISCOVERED AN UNDERWATER CABLE LEADING TO OCCUPIED FRANCE ACROSS THE CHANNEL. THE SPIES MEANS OF COMMUNICATION...
THE NAZI AGENTS LANDED NEAR CRUTON BY BLACK PARACHUTES, WHICH AT NIGHT WERE ALMOST INVISIBLE. THIS WAS THE MASTER OF ESPIONAGE HESST AND HIS FIFTY AGENTS.

AND SO, ONCE AGAIN THE MAN OF THE HOUR LONDON, HAS THROWN A MONKEY WRENCH INTO THE ENEMY WAR MACHINE, AND NOW, HATED BY ALL NAZI MILITARY MEN, HE BECOMES THE MAJOR TARGET FOR THEIR AGENTS--CAN EVEN LONDON SURVIVE THIS ALL OUT DRIVE TO WIPE HIM FROM THE GLOBE? DON'T MISS THE THRILLING ANSWER IN NEXT MONTH'S DAREDEVIL COMICS!!



PAT

PATRIOT

AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC

IN THE HEART OF AN ARMY CAMP - PAT PATRIOT FINDS BREATH TAKING ADVENTURE - FAST ACTION AND CLOSE DEATH AS SHE MATCHES HER REMAINING WIT AND CHARM AGAINST THE BRAIN OF BIG-TIME CRIME -

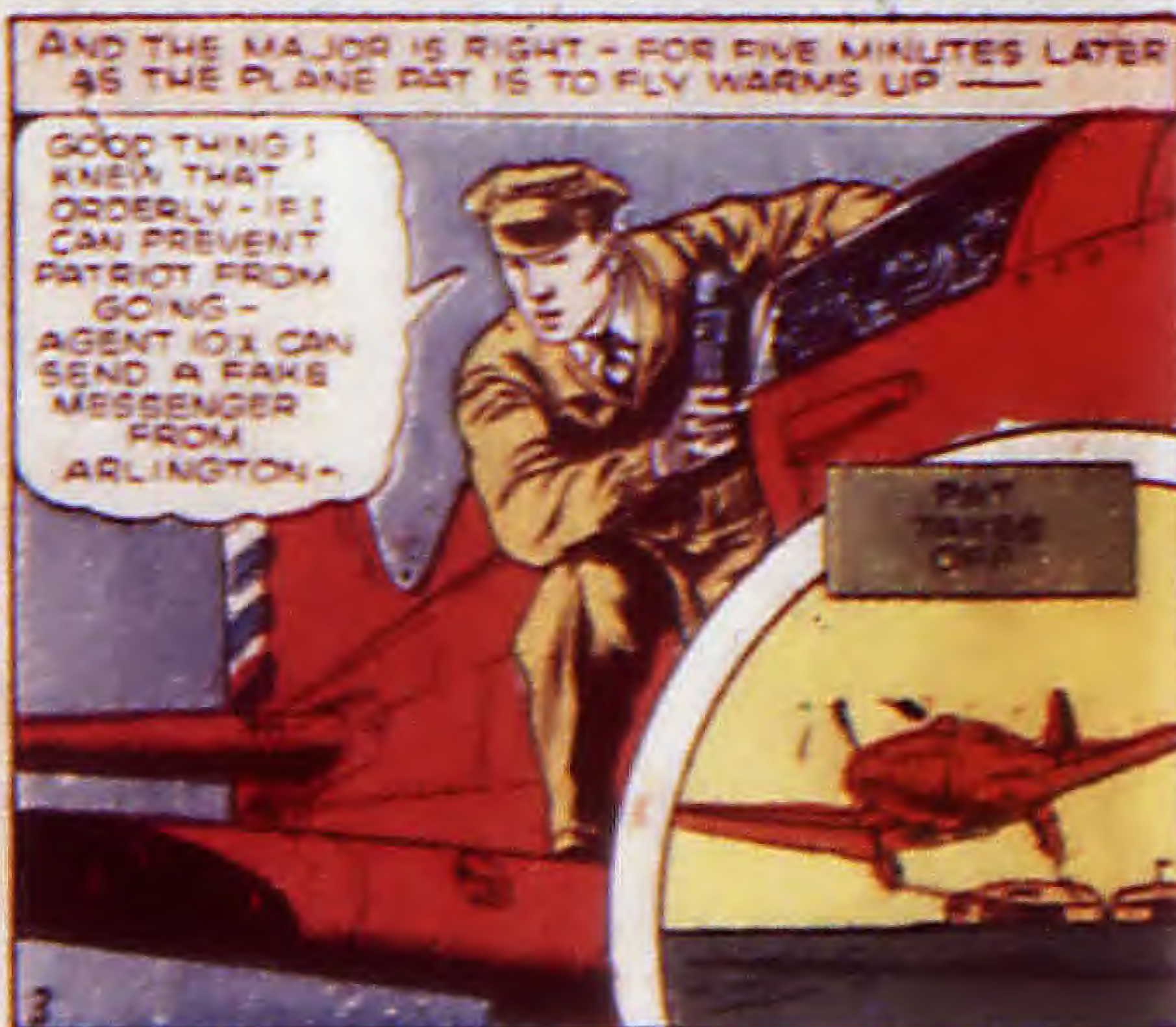
THIS BUS RIDE WILL JUST GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO THINK OF A SHORT SPEECH I'VE GOT TO MAKE

IMAGINE! THE ARMY OFFICIALS HAVE ASKED ME TO COME TO A BIG CELEBRATION AT THE ARMY CAMP JUST BECAUSE I HELPED CATCH THOSE SABOTEURS AT THE PLANE FACTORY!

AT A REST STOP LATER

S-A-V-E! LOOK! THE CUTIE GETTIN OFF THE BUS!





WHEN SOON THE OIL LINE
SPRINGS A LEAK!

NO PLACE
TO LAND -
WHAT A SPOT
TO BE IN!



AND MANAGES TO LAND HER
PLANE SAFELY AT THE
HOSPITAL STATION -



THANK HEAVENS YOU GOT
HERE - I JUST RECEIVED
THE NEWS - GUARD THIS
WITH YOUR LIFE
MISS PATRIOT!



AS PAT TAKES OFF - THE
MACHINERY OF THE SABOTAGE
RING GOES INTO ACTION -

SO THE GLORY GAL
GOT HERE -
GUESS THE BOYS
SLIPPED UP --
BUT THIS TIME -
WE'LL MAKE SURE!



FIFTEEN MINUTES' AND
I'LL BE THERE -



SUDDENLY
FROM BEHIND



PAT WINGS OVER - BADLY HIT -







I OUGHT TO SLICE YOU TO BITS -



THE PROPELLER BLADE JUST GRAZES THE SABOTEUR!



AND AS HE GOES TO RUN - HIS PANTS FALL AND TRIPS HIM -



THE SOLDIERS POUNCE ON HIM -



THEY DRAG HIM TO WHERE PAT IS JUST GETTING OUT OF THE PLANE -



PAT - SICK WITH THE FEVER - COLLAPSES

WOT TH' HECK!



LATER

PAT PATRIOT - ONCE MORE YOUR GREAT COURAGE HAS CONQUERED THE FOES OF DEMOCRACY - - -



YOU HAVE EXPOSED A VAST SYSTEM OF SABOTAGE AGAINST ARMY CAMPS - THE ENTIRE ARMY IS INDEBTED TO YOU



THREE CHEERS FOR PAT PATRIOT H'RAY-RAY!

I SAW DAREDEVIL BATTLE THE CLAW AS TOLD BY DICK WOOD



I SAW DAREDEVIL FIGHT THE CLAW
... yes, I really did!

There are a good many people who don't think there ever was such a conflict—but believe you me, I know. It was in 1940 and the Claw was just a rumor. I had heard weird tales of a monster creature that dwelt in the hill country of Tibet and was planning an attack on America,



but who could believe such a fantastic tale? I passed it off with a casual shrug and promptly forgot the matter.

Then — one evening, I visited the Playmore Room atop a building in Radio City, New York. I had often come to the Playmore to dine and dance. But tonight things seemed strangely different. The patrons were less joyous than usual; even the tempo of the music seemed to warn me of something mysterious about to occur. Then it happened:

Suddenly, a distant rumbling shook the entire skyscraper. Overhead a huge chandelier danced crazily, then smashed to the floor. Terrified voices pierced the air as some explanation for the mad swaying of the building was sought. Was it an explosion, an EARTHQUAKE? Desperately seeking escape, I rushed through the milling people to the terrace.

Outside, sixty stories above the street, I stopped short. I felt the blood drain from my face. A woman, choking with fright, fainted in my arms. Like some wild fantasy of the mind, a hideous, hairy claw was raised over nearby buildings! A fistful of humanity was clutched in its talons like so much mush. Then slowly an enormous head reared itself up — first, bristling eyebrows and slanting eyes; then the nose, if such it could be called; finally, the most hideous

The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom. "THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW ... OR DIE!!!"

Now DAREDEVIL clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head of the CLAW. C-R-A-C-K!

The boomerang struck high on the CLAW'S forehead!



of all, a gigantic mouth dripping saliva and lined with fangs like elephant tusks.

The giant mouth yawned open, shouting a challenge that rang through the city streets like the voice of doom, "THE CLAW! ALL HAIL THE CLAW... OR DIE!"

It is impossible for me to give you a realistic picture of the horrible havoc this monstrosity of existence was creating. It was far too terrible for the mind to realize. But certain scenes were imprinted vividly in my mind as if they had been branded there. Those persons who had not already collapsed from fright were in a state of mass insanity. Down below on the street, terror-stricken drivers smashed their cars through store windows, mowed down pedestrians and careened insanely into each other.

On Fifth Avenue, a fleet of double-deck buses tore towards Central Park, desperately attempting to escape the havoc. Like a stampede of buffalo, they crushed all before them... until they reached the Central Savings Bank, where a truck blocked the street. In seconds, the entire cavalcade was reduced to a mass of wreckage.

From a building across the way a young couple, crazed with fear, jumped to their death.

As the Claw threw his head back in wild, maniacal laughter at the destruction, a figure in evening clothes suddenly jumped to the ledge before me. Thinking this to be another suicide, I clutched his waist to drag him back. Muscles like granite shook off my fingers and slammed me back. Quickly the figure turned and spoke softly, then whipping off his clothes, he stood outlined against the sky, in distinctive red and blue attire.

"Daredevil," I gasped, struggling to my feet. Like a panther, Daredevil crept along the

building ledge, then leapt to another, moving closer and closer to the Claw! Did Daredevil really plan to battle the Claw, I asked myself. What could one man—no matter how powerful—do against such a gigantic figure? In amazement, I stood on the window ledge and watched his stealthy approach. How little I realized I had a ringside seat to the greatest battle of all time!

Now Daredevil clutched a boomerang in his hand. I watched his arm come back in an easy motion and send it spinning straight at the head of the Claw. CRACK! The boomerang struck high on the Claw's forehead.

Swinging around like a crazed animal, the creature opened his tremendous jaws in a cry which I hope I shall never hear again. His wail of rage blasted through the city streets like a tornado and swept nearby rooftops clean of debris.

Then he spied Daredevil. With one powerful sweep, he slammed his fist down upon him.

But Daredevil had moved with the speed of light and, as the Giant pulverized half of the building top, he bounded off it onto another and came straight at the Claw, feet first. So lightning-like was Daredevil that the monster had no chance to dodge. Square into his right eye, Daredevil jumped; then slid away from the flailing arms, down onto the street and under cover.

A command from the Claw!... and whatever

hope I might have held for Daredevil's victory disappeared. From a giant tunnel, which had escaped my notice during the excitement, a yellow horde of Asiatics poured forth in a frenzy. The cry rang out: "DEATH TO DAREDEVIL... DEATH TO DAREDEVIL!"

A boring machine was brought into play, evidently the same one which had enabled the Claw to bore underground from his retreat in Tibet to New York City. It was all so fantastic and yet, here it was being enacted before my very eyes!

Now Daredevil was in retreat with the boring machine following his every move. Through buildings, over rooftops... still the machine followed in his wake with amazing speed like some strange bug. Then I saw Daredevil totter as he attempted to scale a building, totter and fall to the street below. My heart sank as I saw the machine pull to a stop and empty ten or fifteen warriors out upon him. Egged on by the Claw's cry of "KILL! KILL!" they brandished knives and rushed toward the prostrate figure.

It was then that the surprise move of all time occurred. Daredevil's arm shot back like a piston and sent a boomerang streaking at the mob. The crack of skulls resounded through the air as it struck like speckled lightning against the hard heads of the Asiatics; then returned, only to speed out again and mutilate the machine crew.

Seeing the situation, the Claw entered the fray. He swooped down, shouting to all that he would finish this slippery eel himself.

But by this time Daredevil had polished off the last of the crew and gained possession of the machine. The giant hand of the Claw descended upon it... to be yanked instantly away with a screech of pain. The sharp rotary blades of the machine had been turned on, gouging the Claw's hand as it struck.

The tables were turned now. Straight at the Claw, Daredevil drove the whirling machine. Try as he might, the Tibetan monster could not avoid his own invention. Straight toward his own tunnel, Daredevil drove the Claw. Then cornering him at the en-

trance, he leaped out of the machine, boomerang in hand.

With boomerang, hands and feet, Daredevil battled the creature. Trying desperately to reach Daredevil, the Claw's talons tore the air. But it was useless.

Again and again, the boomerang raised huge welts on the Claw's gruesome skull. Both eyes were now closed from the blows. Blindly, he staggered, cursing, into the tunnel entrance.

Daredevil reached into the machine for a moment, then pulled out several large sticks of dynamite. Down into the tunnel he threw them, after the retreating Claw. The entire tunnel entrance caved in from the blast but, unfortunately, as we know now, the Claw had not been killed.

A week later, the whole tunnel straight to the sea had been destroyed by police. Daredevil, meanwhile, had disappeared. No reward could be given him for saving from certain destruction the greatest city in the world. And still only Tonia knew his real identity, Tonia and myself. Perhaps you are slow to believe this story... but, if you ever visit New York, I can show you a nick in the Empire State building where Daredevil's boomerang struck during the battle.

FINISH

DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

THE RIGHT UPPERCUT

This is a tricky punch to throw, fellows - remember to always keep the left foot forward and slide the blow upward along the body. This enables you to get the full punching power. **DON'T** ever let this punch go without being almost certain it will land! A miss leaves you wide open.

Gotta go now - see you next month with a new one.

Daredevil



Here's Your Chance, Fellas!

\$100.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

◆ NOTHING TO BUY!

◆ NOTHING TO SELL!

The artists who draw for **DAREDEVIL COMICS** and the features they now draw are as follows:

Daredevil.....Charles Biro
The Claw.....Bob Wood
Nightro.....Inky Russos
The Whirlwind....."Bernie"
Pat Patriot

Chuck Woodrow
London.....Jerry Robinson
Real American No. 1
Dick Briefer
Dash Dillon.....Ed Ashe

1. What feature in **DAREDEVIL COMICS** do you like best?
2. What new feature would you suggest, and why?
3. Which of our artists would you prefer to draw it?

All you have to do is just write us a letter. First tell us which comic strip you like best in **DAREDEVIL COMICS**. Next, suggest the name and idea for a new comic strip character. We are looking for new ideas. What kind of a character would you like to see in **DAREDEVIL COMICS** and what would you like him to do. And let us know which of our artists you would like to draw that strip. Send in your letter at once. It must be mailed not later than midnight, August 20th to be counted—the sooner the better.

We will pay \$50.00 for the best letter, and there are 27 other cash prizes.

Send your letter immediately to:

Contest Editor
DAREDEVIL COMICS
114 East 32nd St.,
New York City

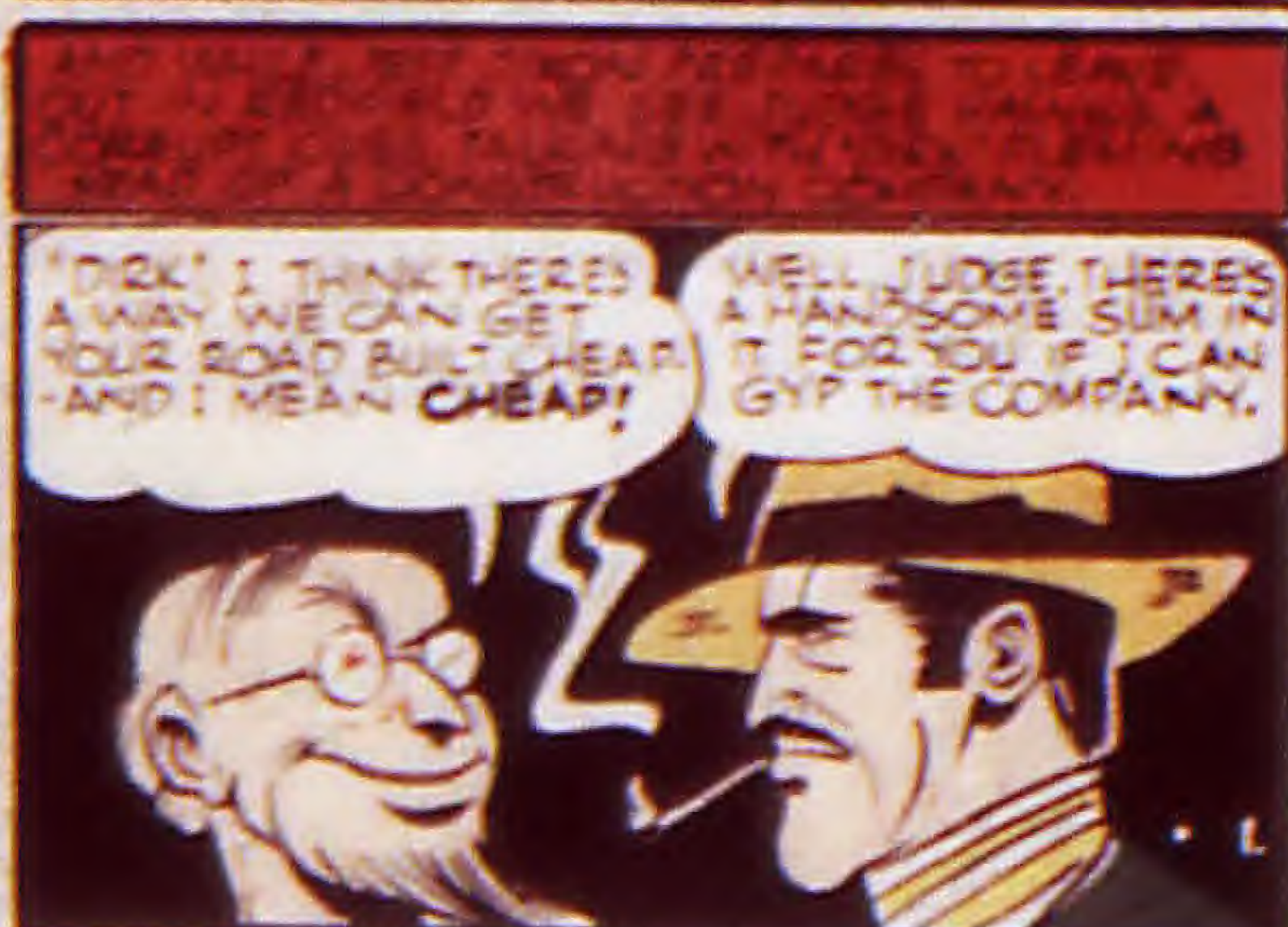
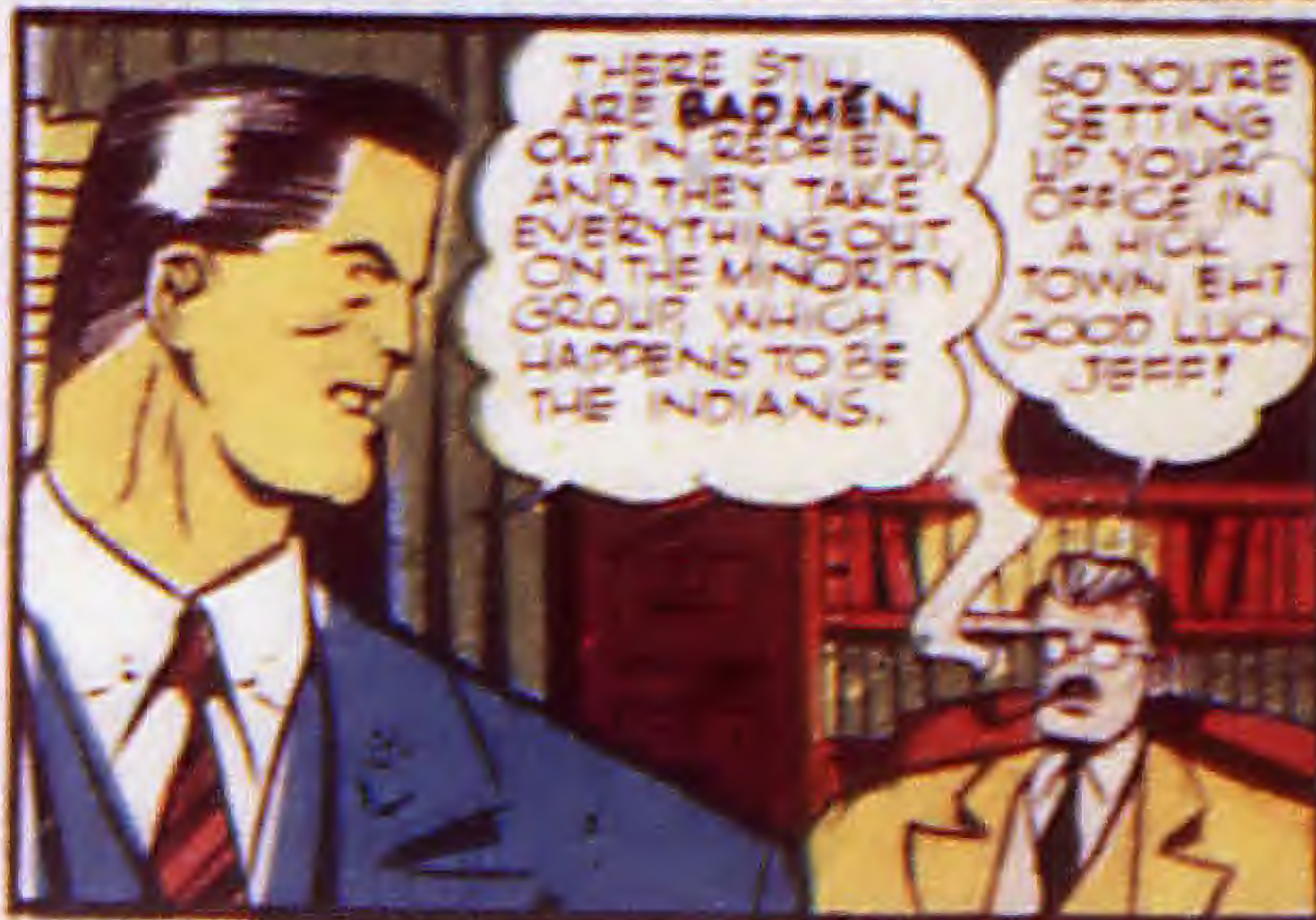
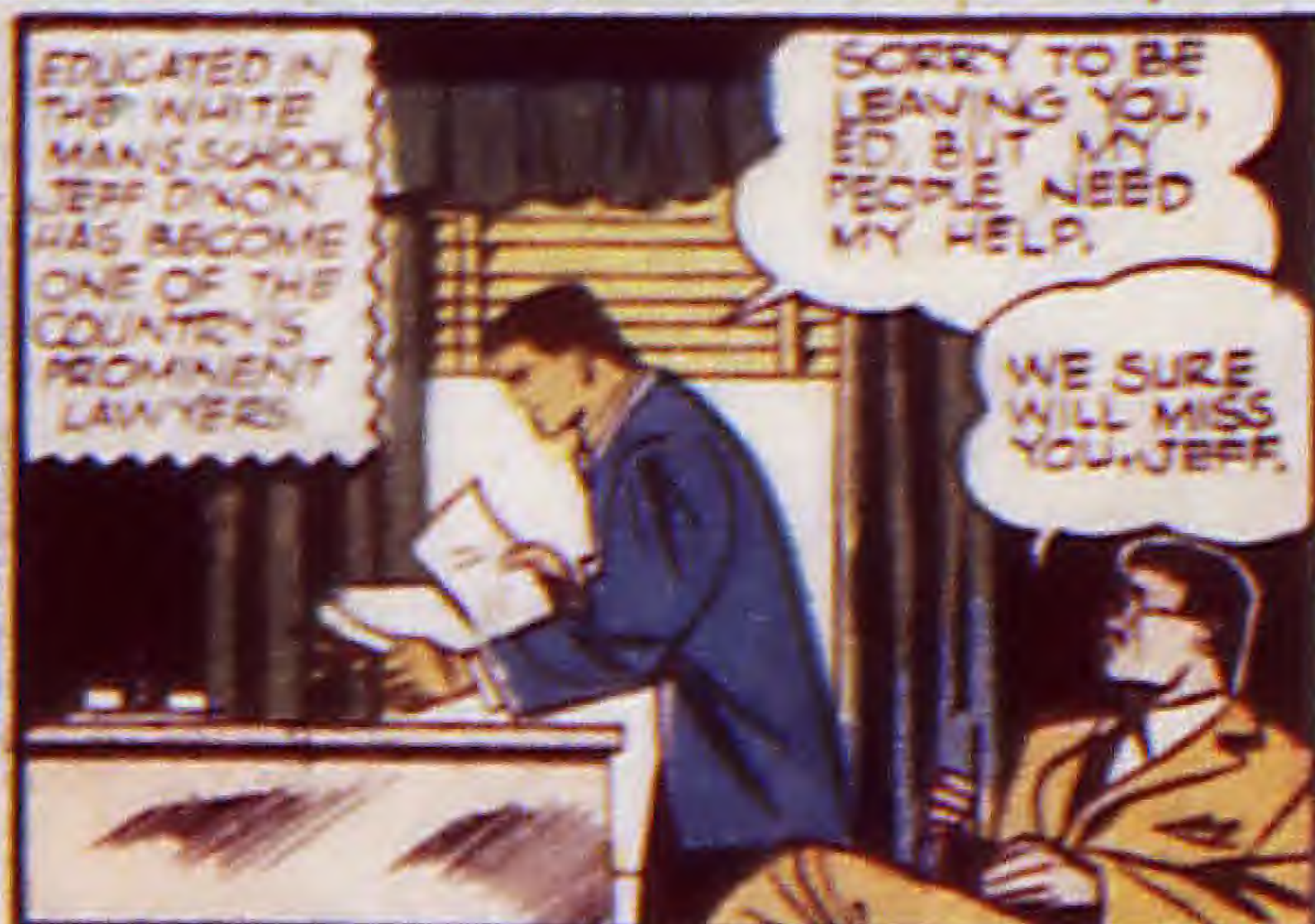
RULES OF THE CONTEST

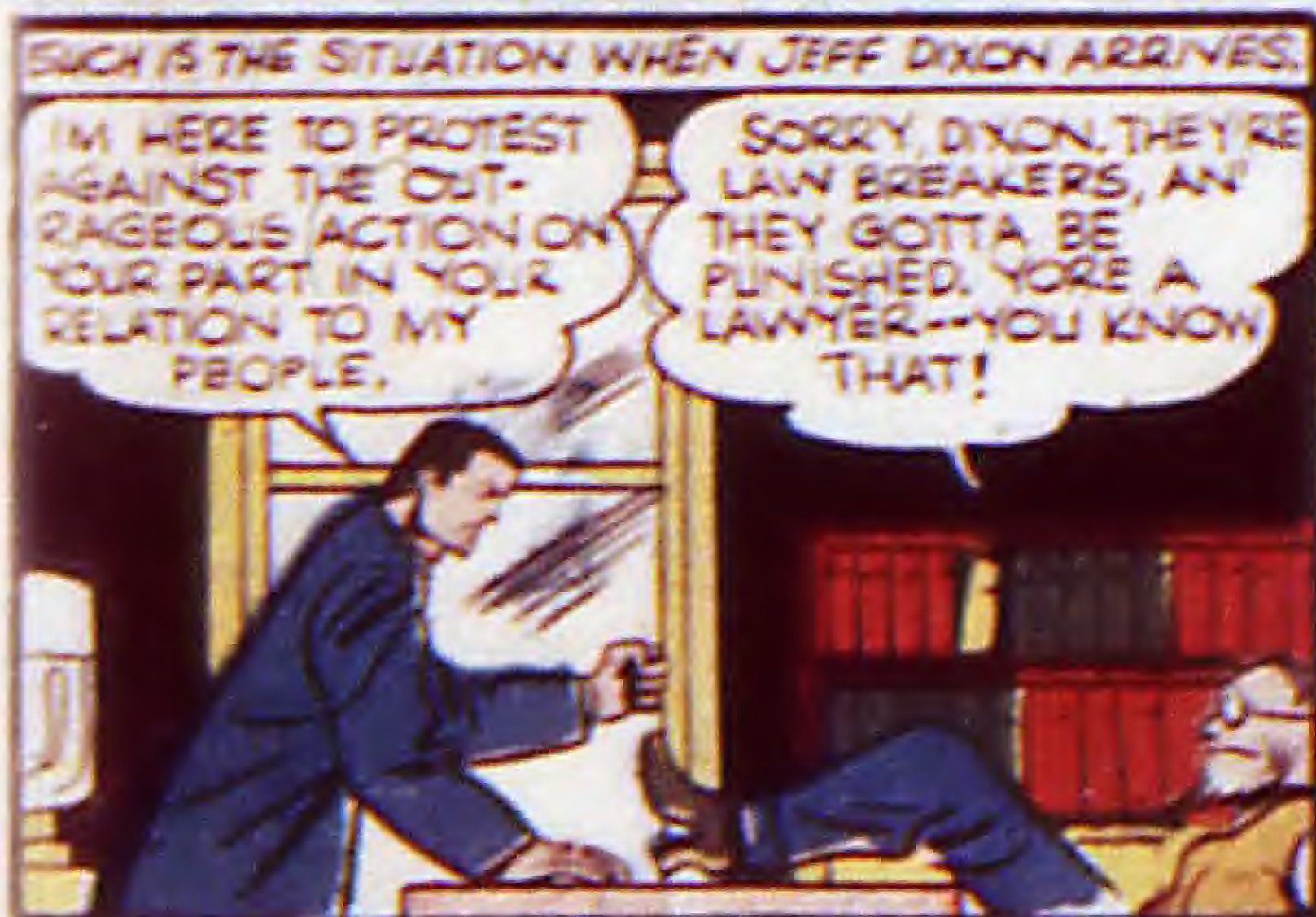
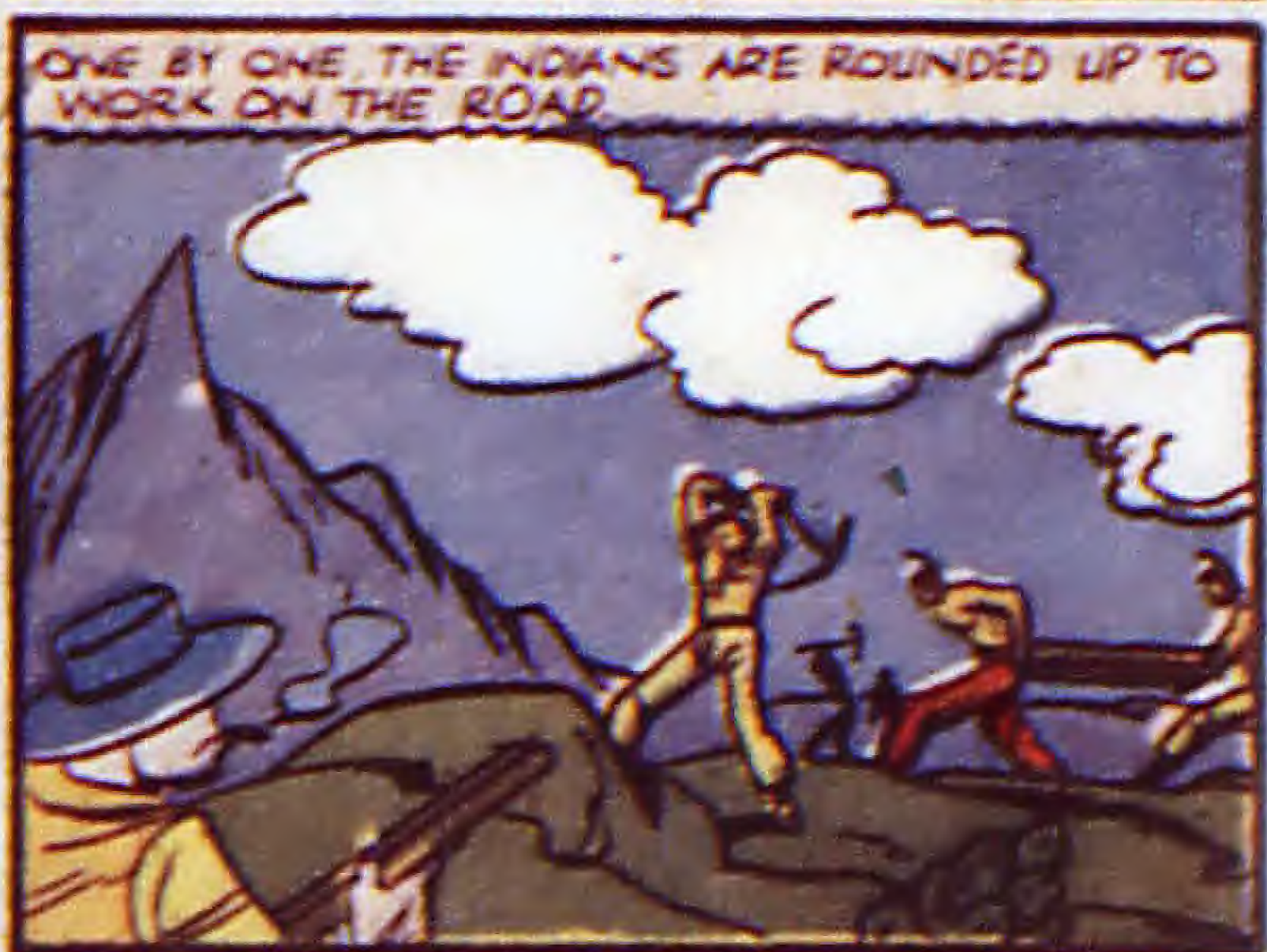
1. Letters should not be more than 150 words. All three questions must be answered.
 1. Which feature you like best in **DAREDEVIL COMICS**
 2. Your suggestion for a new feature
 3. The artist you would like to draw it
2. Letters must be mailed not later than midnight of August 20th.
3. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. The editors of **DAREDEVIL COMICS** will be the sole judges.
5. All letters become the property of **DAREDEVIL COMICS**.
6. Be sure to give your full name, address, age.
7. Announcement of the winners will be made as soon as possible after August 20th.

LIST OF PRIZES

1st PRIZE . . . \$50.00
2nd PRIZE . . . \$15.00
3rd PRIZE . . . \$10.00
25 additional prizes of \$1.00 each. You may easily win. Send your letter in today.

REAL AMERICAN #1







OH, JEFF, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THESE CRIMES? THE **BRONZE TERROR** CAME TO OUR AID LAST TIME-- BUT NOW--

COURAGE, LILLY-- JUSTICE WILL TRIUMPH!

SAY! SHE'S SOME GAL!



LOOK, JUDGE-- I'M KINDA STUCK ON THAT INJUN GAL. HOW'S CHANCES OF FIXIN' ME UP WITH HER?

FOR TWO GRAND, I'LL FIX IT SO'S YOU CAN **MARRY** HER, DIRK.



THE JUDGE SENDS HIS MEN TO THE RESERVATION, WHERE THEY SPEAK TO LILLY'S FATHER.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, OLD BOY. JUDGE CLAIMS YOU'RE MESS'D UP IN **UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES**. LET'S GO!

I AM NOT GUILTY. THIS IS MY HOMELAND-- WHY SHOULD I SPEAK AGAINST IT?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ARRESTING MY POOR FATHER? WHAT'S COME OVER YOU PEOPLE?

QUIET, SISTER. YOUR DAD'S IN A SERIOUS FIX, AND THE PENALTY IS **HANGING**. ANY TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY SHOULD BE HUNG!

CAN YOU HELP ME, MR. FLEMING?



I'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, BABE!

MARRY YOU? OH-- BUT-- IF YOU FREE MY FATHER-- DON'T HANG HIM-- I-- I CONSENT.



LATER, ALL IS QUIET--

THE KEY TO THIS DOOR-- IT'S IN THAT **BOTTOM DRAWER**. I SAW THE SHERIFF PUT IT THERE BEFORE HE LEFT.



THESE **BOOT LACES**-- TIED TOGETHER-- WILL MAKE A **LISSO**. A POOR ONE-- BUT IT MAY WORK!

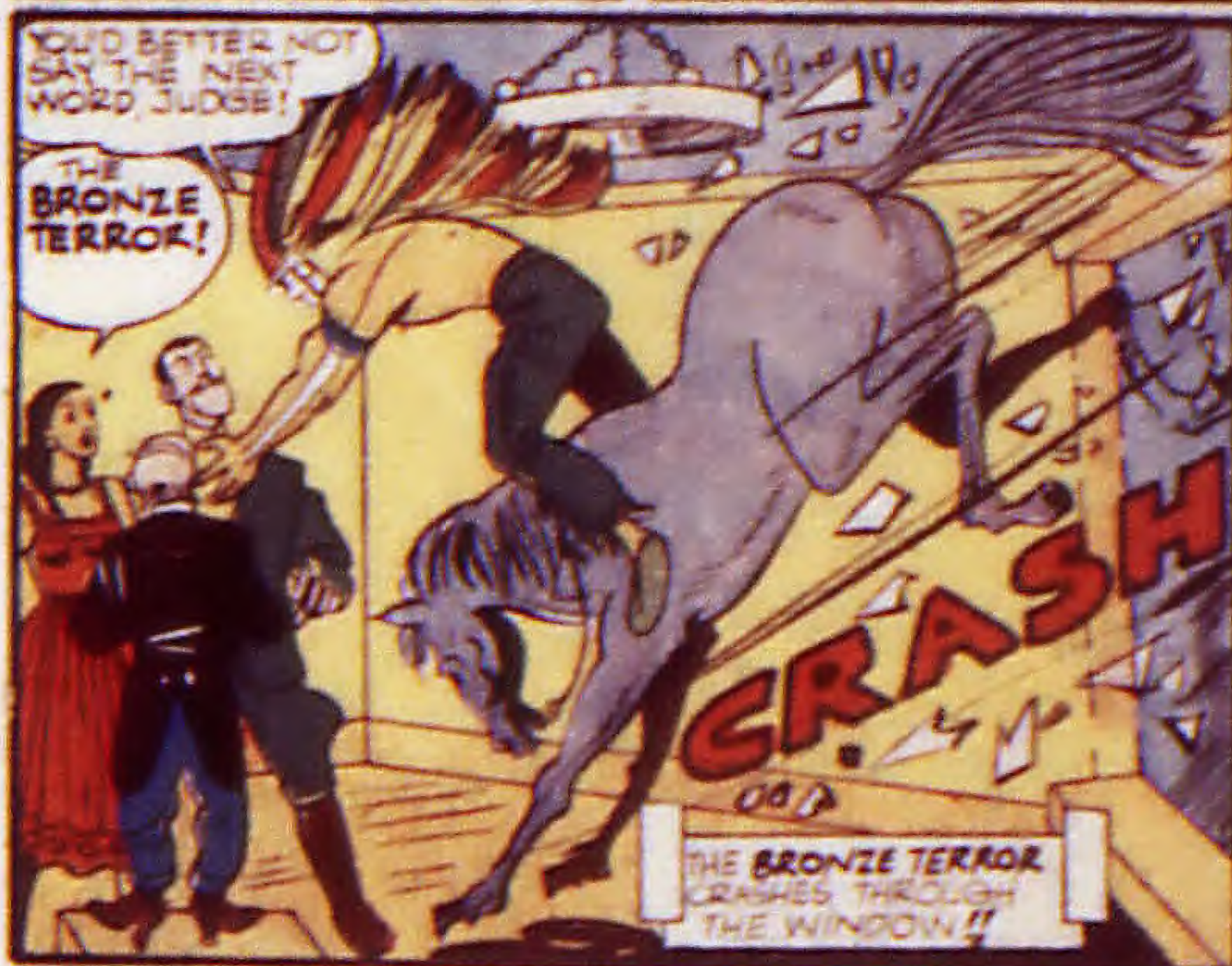


SUCCESS! I CAUGHT THE **KNOB** OF THE DRAWER. NOW-- IF IT DOESN'T MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE--



JEFF KILLS THE SHERIFF AND GETS OUT AND ONES UP THE ROAD--







THE BRONZE TERROR HIDES HIS HORSE AND COSTUME AND HURRIES BACK TO THE JAIL TO RESUME HIS LIFE OF JEFF DIXON.



OK KIDS! TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR FINGER TO REMIND YOU TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF **DAREDEVIL COMICS** WHEN YOU READ **REAL AMERICAN NO. 1** YOU'LL THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS YOU ARE A REGULAR READER!

STAR SPORT

WHIRLWIND K.O.'S JONES IN 2ND

BY DICK WOOD

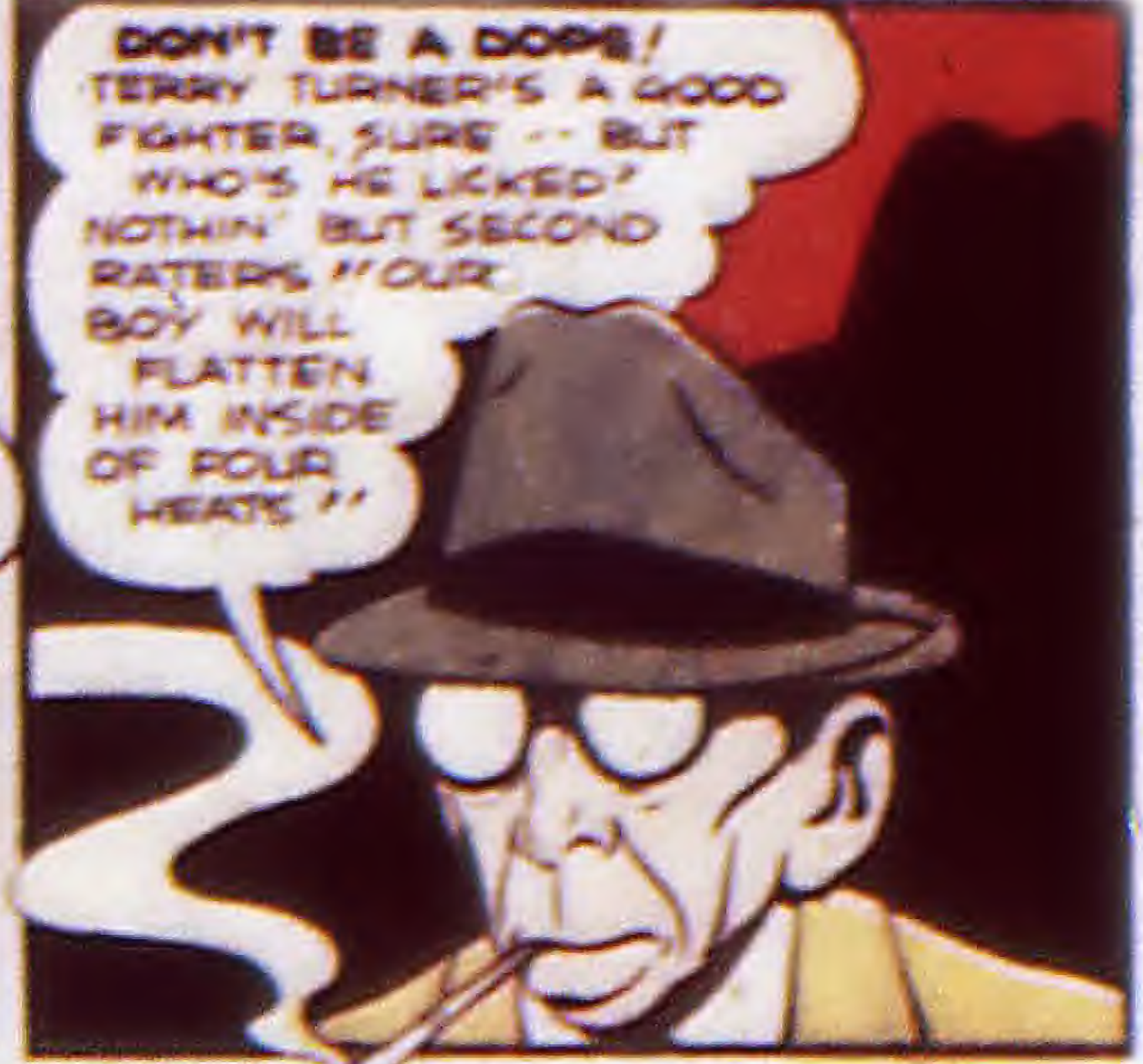
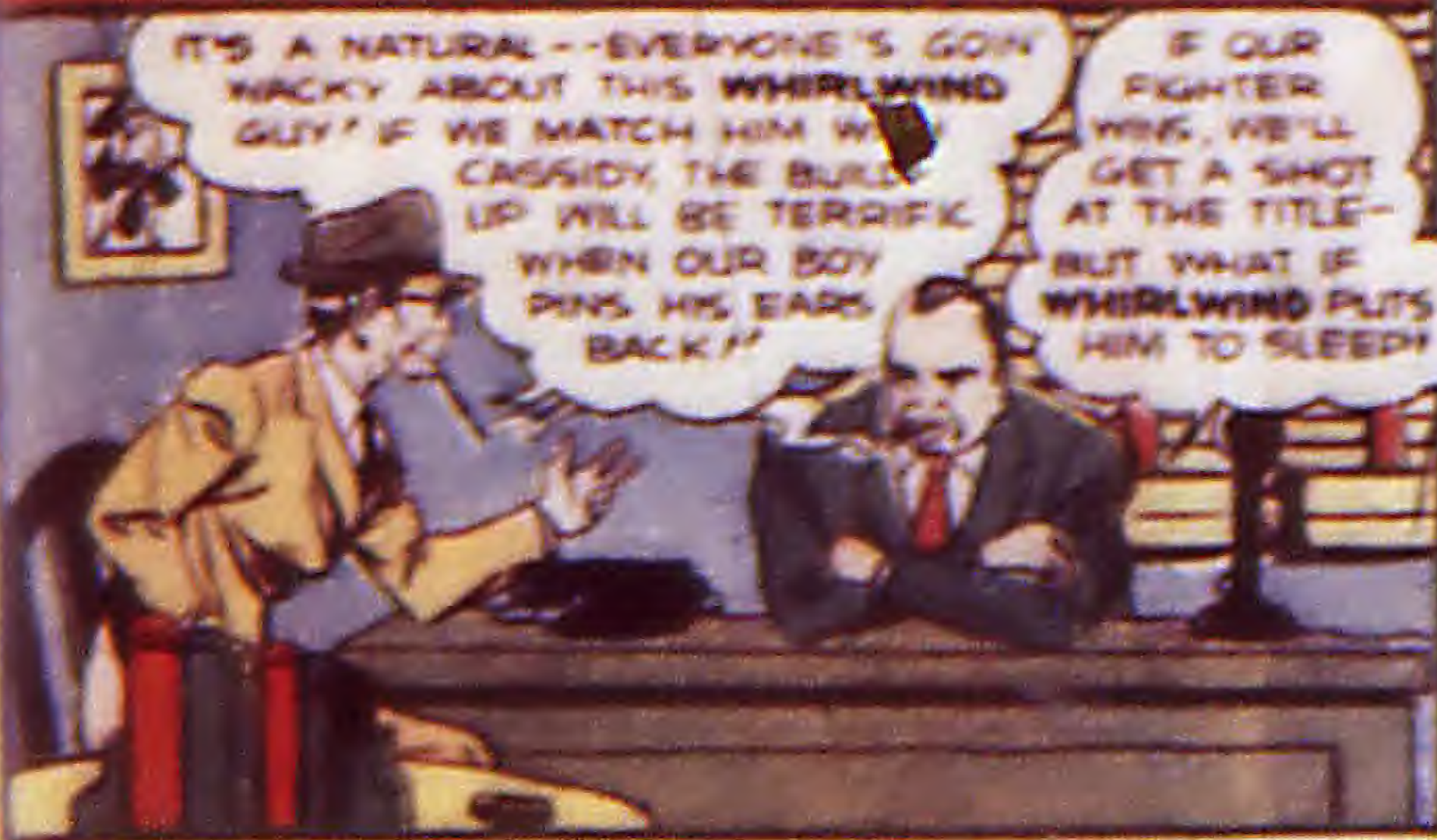
A SMASHING RIGHT CROSS TO THE CHIN, COMING IN TWO MINUTES AND NINE SECONDS OF THE SECOND ROUND, SENT BUDDY JONES CRASHING TO THE DECK IN HIS OWN CORNER FOR THE FATAL TEN COUNT - . . . THIS WAS THE 15TH TIME IN AS MANY BOUTS THAT THE FORMER LUMBERJACK HAS FLATTENED HIS FOE AT THE RAT. THIS BLONDE BOMBER IS GOING, THE CHAMP IS DUE FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE - - AND SOON!



by
BERNIE

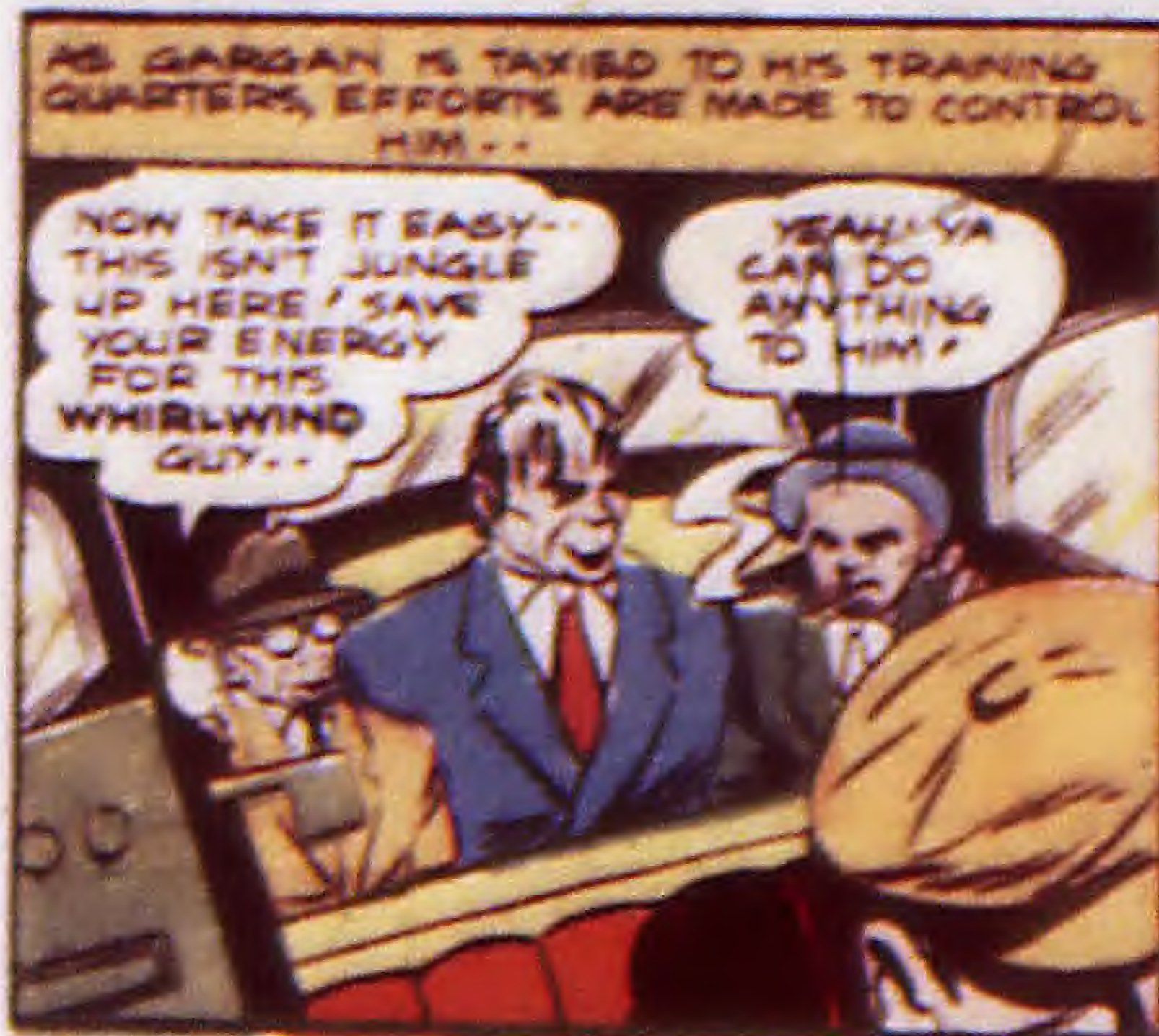
Christina's Memo

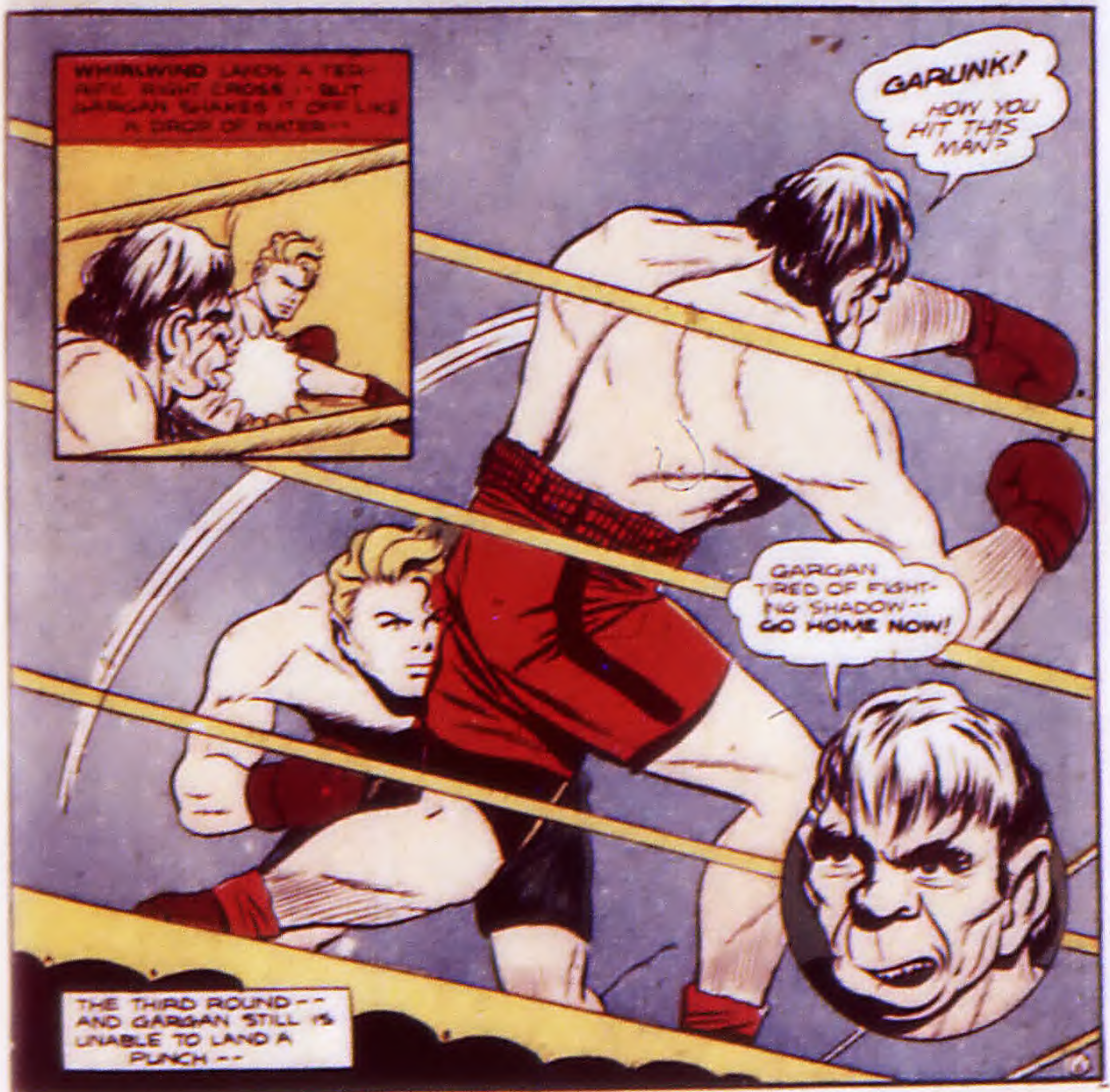
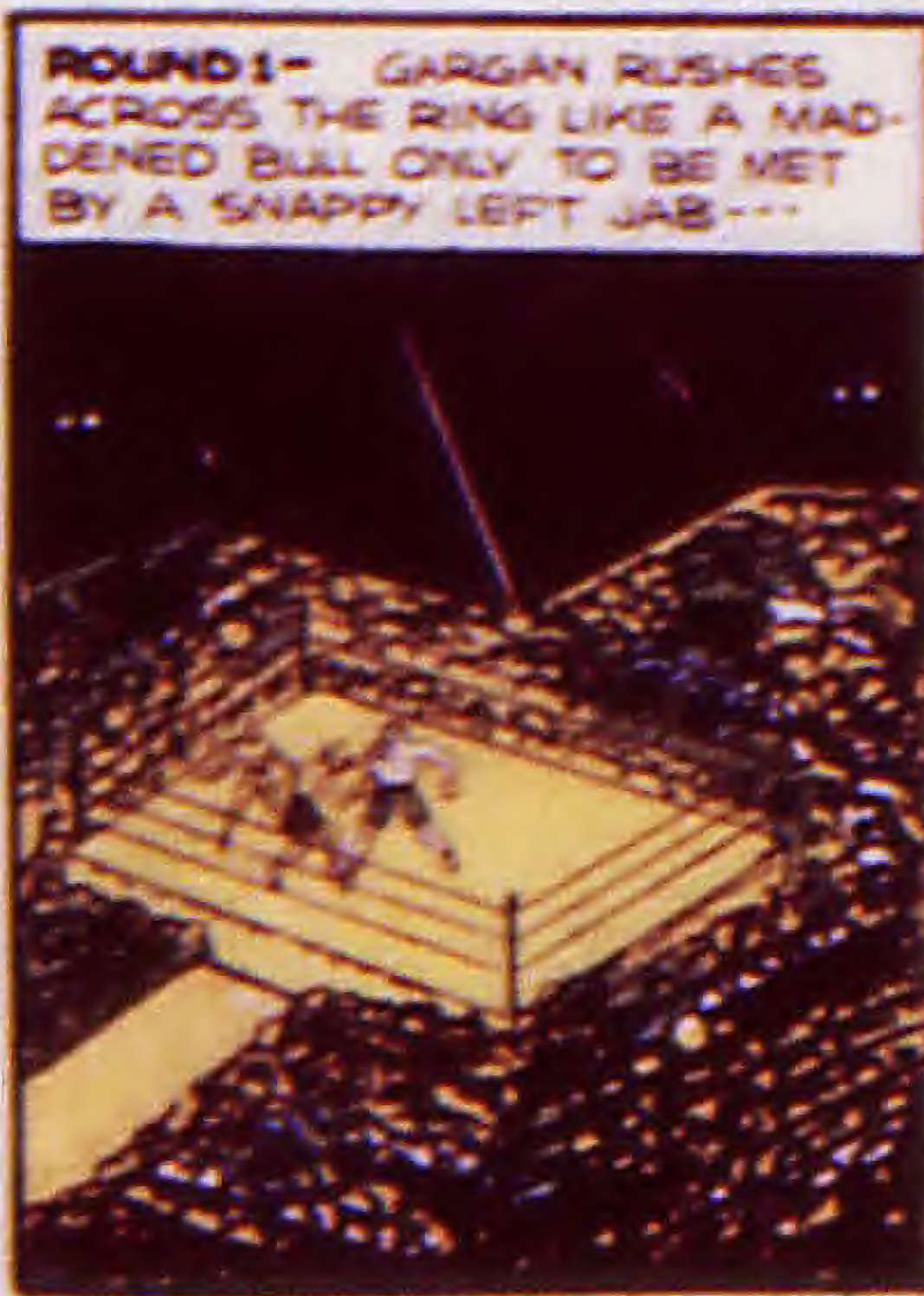
THE NEXT DAY, MIKE COSTELLO AND DON AGAR, TWO OF THE CITY'S SLICKEST FIGHT PROMOTERS, SEE AN OPPORTUNITY.

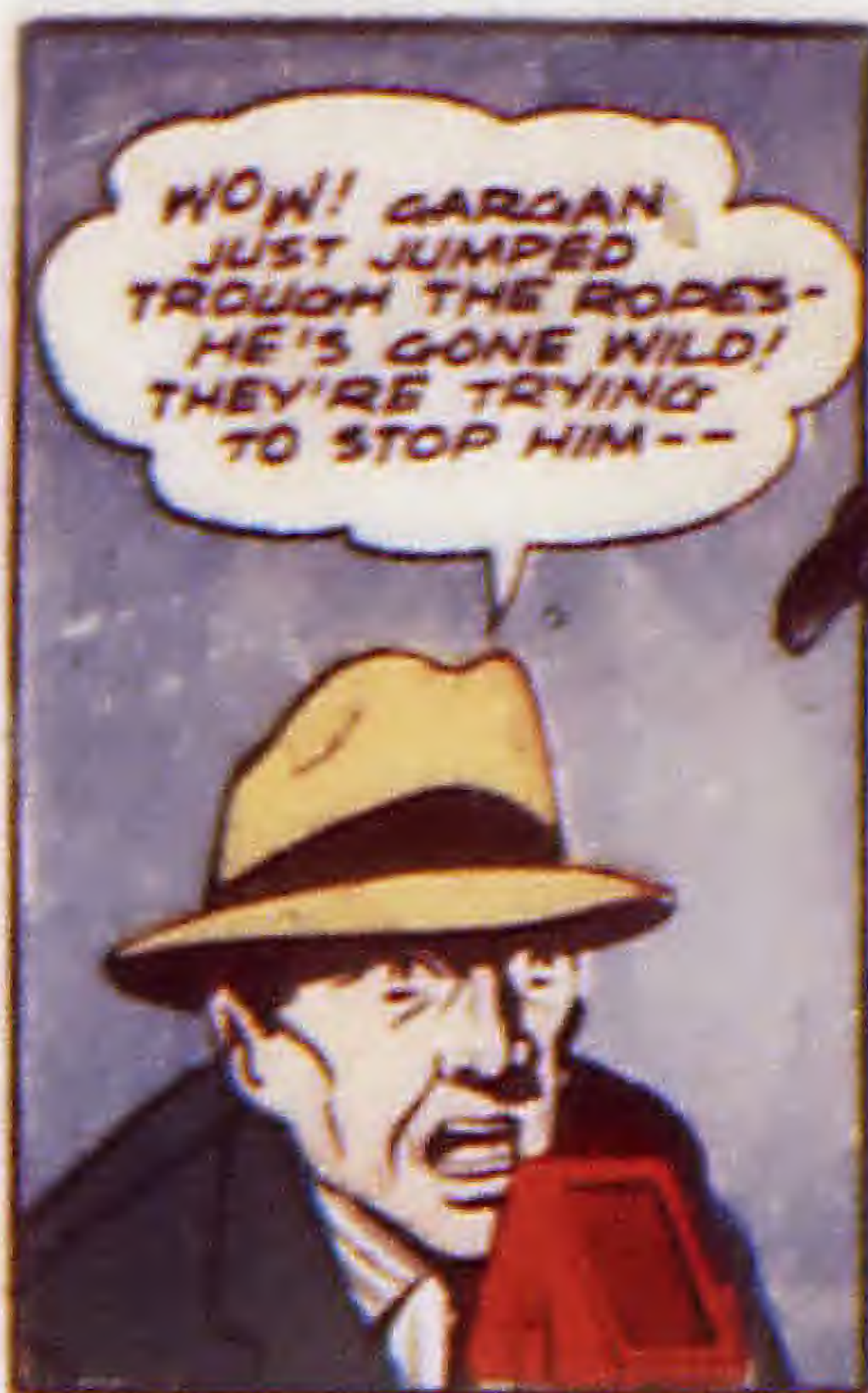












DASH DILLON

AT
HALE

NOW MAZIE IF WE CAN GET THIS HERE DASH DILLON OUT OF THE GAME THE ARMY TEAMS SURE TO WIN! SO WE PICK UP PLENTY POTATOES ON BETS AND WE CUT YOU IN ONE-THIRD, SEE?

YEAH, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GET THE GUY IN A CAR... THEN WE DO THE REST, WITHOUT HIM HALE AINT GOT A CHANCE... NOT WITH 'SMOKEY' COLE PLAYING FOR THE ARMY!

OKAY, BOYS JUST LEAVE IT TO LITTLE MAZIE!

SUMMER, 1941.... THE HALE FOOTBALL SQUAD GATHERED TOGETHER FOR SUMMER PRACTICE IS TO PLAY A PICKED SQUAD FROM THE NEARBY ARMY CAMP. TWO CITY GAMBLERS HAVE BET HEAVILY ON THE ARMY TEAM AND ARE NOW TRYING TO BE SURE OF THEIR BETS....

FROM OPPOSITE PARTS OF TOWN TWO MEN LOOKING STRANGELY ALIKE HURRY TOWARD THE BUS DEPOT....

IF I DON'T HURRY I'M GONNA MISS THE LAST BUS TO CAMP!

LOOK! THAT'S SMOKEY COLE, THE ARMY'S BACKFIELD STAR!

IF I'M GONNA GET BACK TO SCHOOL I BETTER CATCH THAT LAST BUS!

HERE COMES DILLON NOW BUT HE'S GOT AN ARMY UNIFORM ON! THE DOPE! WE'LL DO YOUR STUFF MAZIE!

HERE GOES, SLICK!

OOH! I'M GOING TO PAINT!

BRING HER IN HERE BUDDY, WE'LL TAKE HER TO A HOSPITAL!



OKAY BOYS
THERE SHE...

KONK



LET'S GET HIM
OUTTA TOWN
QUICK!



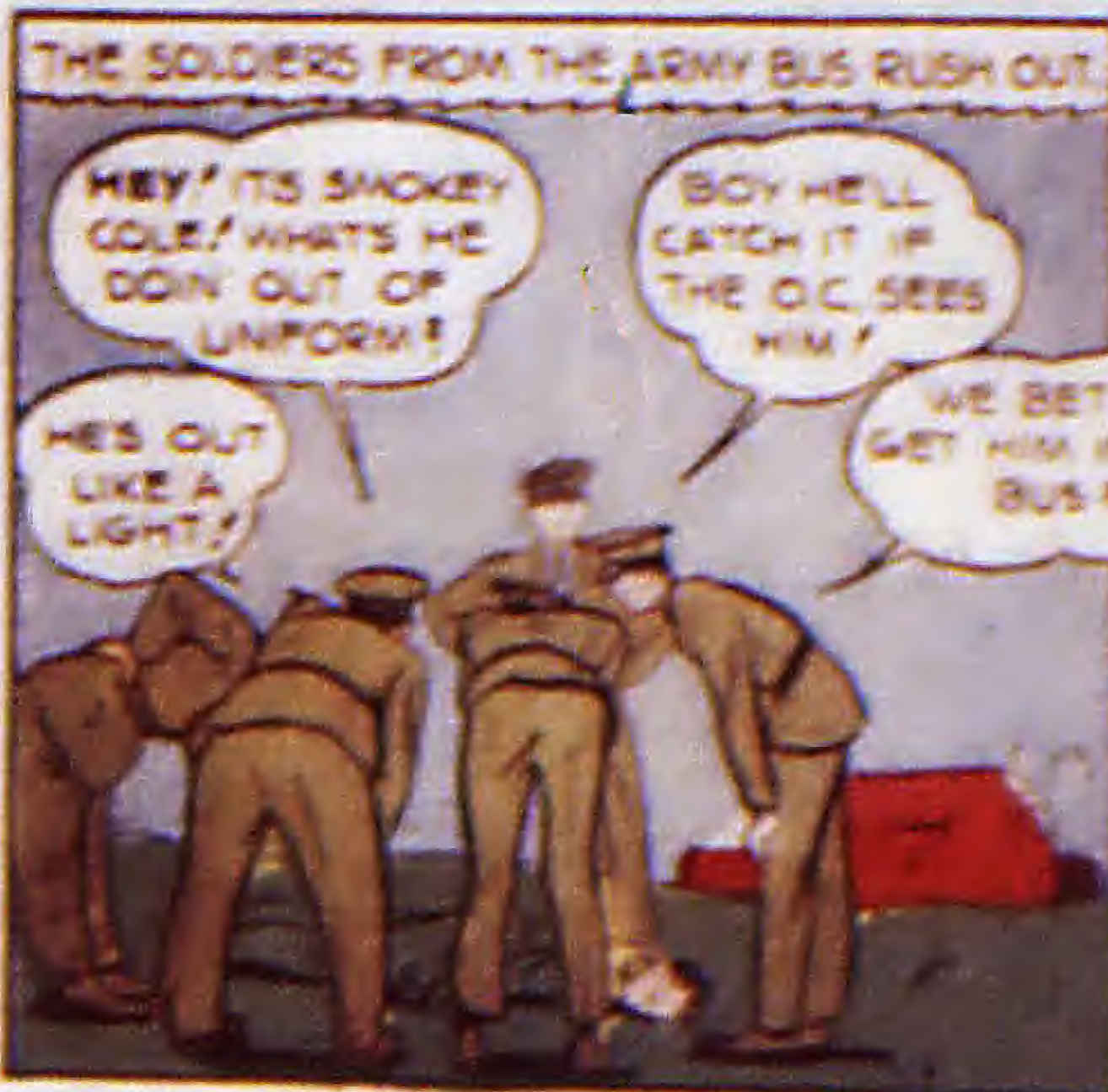
MEANWHILE AT THE BUS DEPOT
THERE GOES THE
SCHOOL BUS!
WE'RE OFF NEXT!



GOSH, I'M
GONNA CATCH
IT IF I'M
LATE!



OOOP!



THE SOLDIERS FROM THE ARMY BUS RUSH OUT.

HEY! IT'S SMOKEY
COLE! WHAT'S HE
DOIN' OUT OF
UNIFORM?

BOY HE'LL
CATCH IT IF
THE O.C. SEES
HIM!

WE BETTER
GET HIM IN THE
BUS FAST!

HE'S OUT
LIKE A
LIGHT!



WHO
AM I?

YOU'RE "SMOKEY" COLE.
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
YOU HAD A BAD FALL!

YEAH AN YOU
GOTTA PLAY
FEETSBALL AGAINST
HALE COLLEGE
THIS AFTERNOON!



AT HALE.

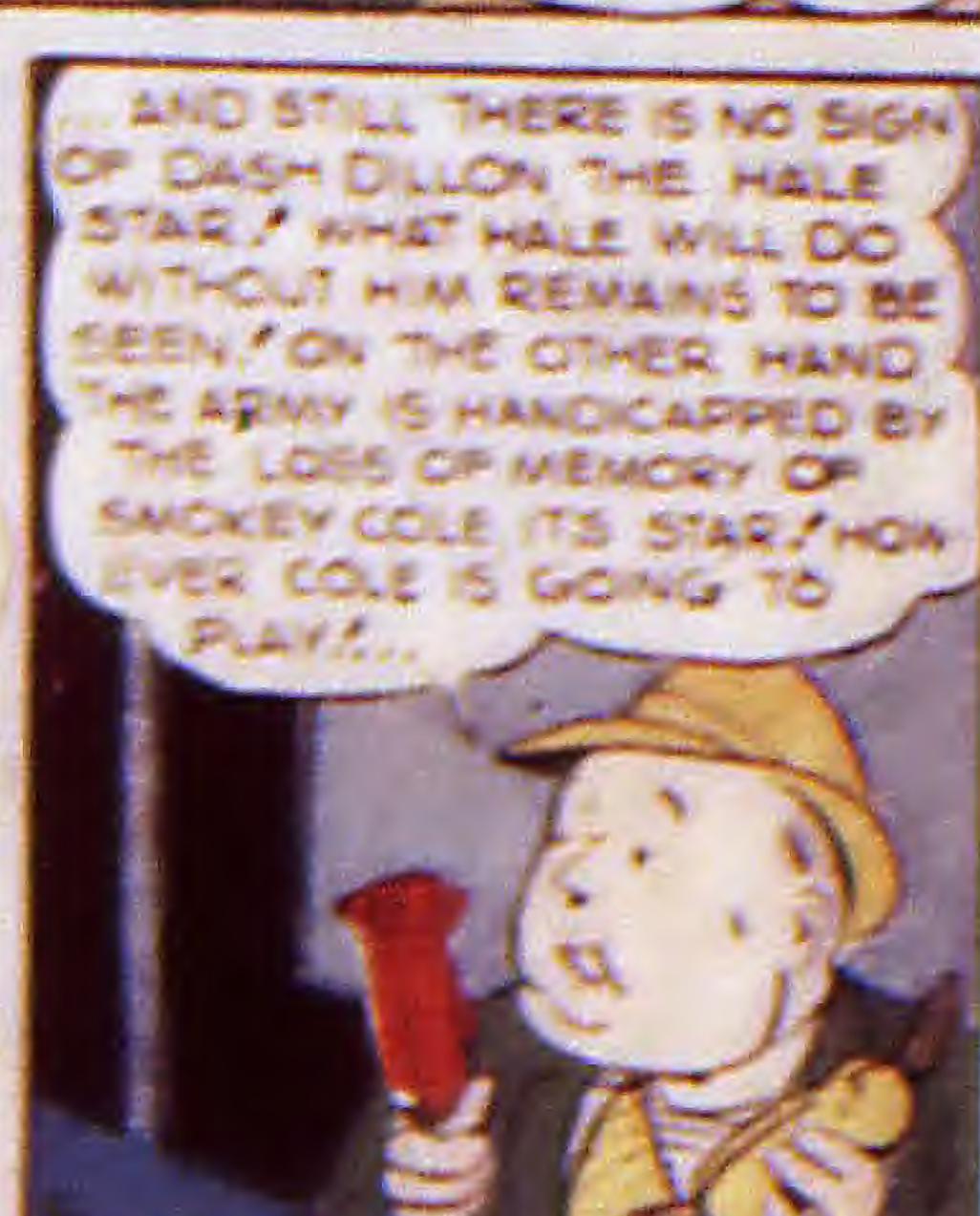
ONLY TWENTY
MINUTES TILL GAME
TIME! WHERE IS DASH
LORNA? HAVE YOU
LOOKED EVERYWHERE?

YES DAD! NO
ONE KNOWS ANY-
THING ABOUT HIM!
HE JUST NEVER
SHOWED UP FOR
THE BUS!



IN THE ARMY QUARTERS...
NOW LISTEN
COLE! TRY TRY
TRY TO REMEMBER
THE SIGNALS!
ANYHOW JUST
RUN RUN RUN!

YES SIR!
GOSH,
BUT I
CAN'T
SEEM TO
REMEMBER
SIGNALS OR
ANYTHING!



AND STILL THERE IS NO SIGN
OF DASH DILLON THE HALE
STAR! WHAT HALE WILL DO
WITHOUT HIM REMAINS TO BE
SEEN! ON THE OTHER HAND
THE ARMY IS HANDICAPPED BY
THE LOSS OF MEMORY OF
SMOKEY COLE ITS STAR! HOW-
EVER COLE IS GOING TO
PLAY!...

THE GAME STARTS...



A SIX YARD GAIN FOR SMOKEY COLE! HALE IS FEELING THE ABSENCE OF DASH DILLON VERY, VERY MUCH... THERE HE GOES... SMOKEY COLE AGAIN... AND HE'S OVER FOR A TOUCH-DOWN!



FIRST HALF!



NOW LOOK JUST FORGET ALL ABOUT DASH DILLON! DON'T EVEN THINK OF HIM! JUST GET IN NEXT HALF AND LET GO!



FIVE MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY AND THE SCORE IS STILL SEVEN TO NOTHING IN FAVOR OF THE ARMY BOYS... THERE GOES A PASS... WILSON OF HALE HAS CAUGHT IT... AND HE'S OFF FOR...



A TOUCHDOWN! BUT WAIT... SMOKEY COLE WAS HURT ON THAT PLAY! THE SCORE IS NOW SEVEN TO SIX IN FAVOR OF THE VISITORS!



WHAT YA TRYING TO GIVE US? COLE'S PLAYIN' NOW! THINK WE'RE NUTS!



FAILED TO CONVERT SO IT'S STILL SEVEN TO SIX AND TWO MINUTES TO PLAY! COLE HAS RECOVERED NOW BUT LOOKS A LITTLE WOZZY!

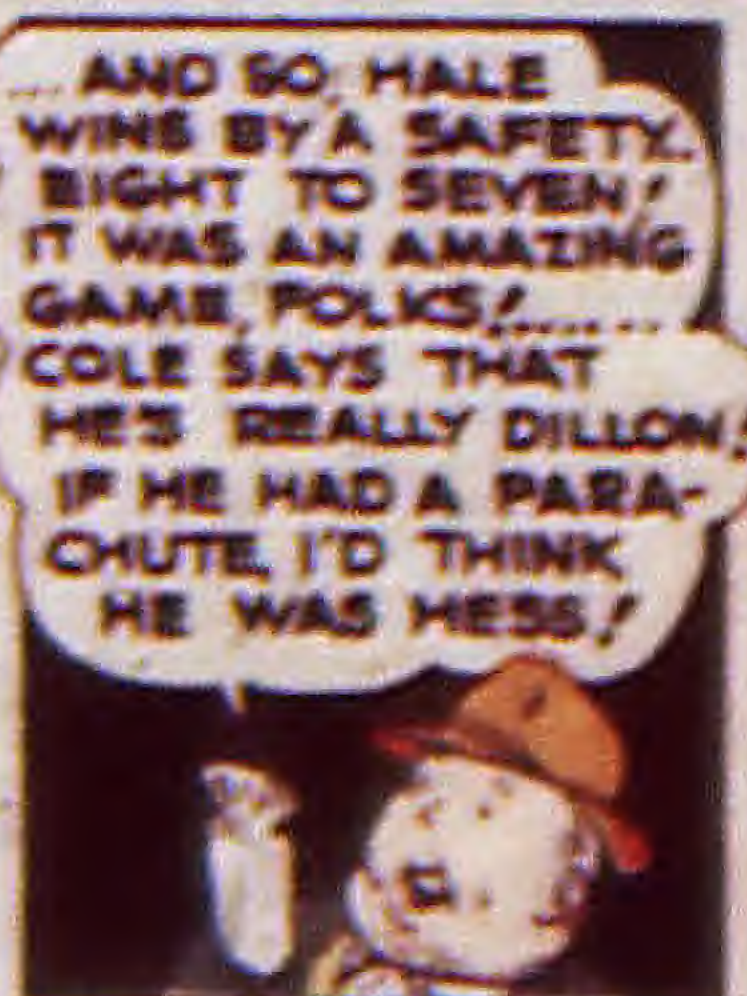
CAN YOU KEEP ON PLAYING SMOKEY? FEEL ALL RIGHT!



ONE MINUTE TO GO

LOOK AT HIM GET AWAY FROM THAT HALE TEAM!





HURRY!

SILVER STREAK COMICS



EXCITEMENT
PATRIOTISM
ADVENTURE
SUSPENSE
MYSTERY
DARING
THRILLS

ALL THESE LEADING FEATURES

1. SILVER STREAK
2. DAREDEVIL
3. CAPTAIN BATTLE
4. THUNDER
5. PRESTO MARTIN
6. CLOUD CURTIS
7. DICKIE DEAN
8. PIRATE PRINCE
AND OTHERS

BE SURE TO GET SILVER STREAK
TODAY! DAREDEVIL
ALSO APPEARS IN
SILVER STREAK
COMICS

GET IT ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

**NOTHING
LIKE IT
EVER!**



**SWEEPING
THE
COUNTRY!**

IT'S TERRIFIC!